

NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BRADEN AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. IV. NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1873. No. 177.

LOOKING BACK.
BY JOHNNIE DARR.
Floating down old Time's swift river,
Glancing onward o'er the track,
Evening sunset finds me looking,
Often sadly looking back.
And I see a blue-eyed maiden,
With her hair a golden hue,
Waiting for me at the falling
Of the early summer dew.
Then the vision slowly passes
As I reach my hand to save,
And another rises slowly—
'Tis a maiden's lonely grave.
Now I see my home of childhood,
And my mother's angel face,
And my tears are sadly falling,
As I see the dear old place.
Then again the vision changes,
The old homestead is no more,
But a stately mansion rises
Where the old house stood of yore.
All is changed; not one slight token
Of the days now gone and past,
Comes to cheer me as I'm floating
Swiftly down toward the last.
For I see them as I knew them
In the days forever gone,
Nothing now is left but memory
I am floating all alone!

Dashing Dick:
OR,
TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.
BY OLL COOMES.
AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"
"BOY SPY," "IRONIDES, THE SCOUT," "DEATH-
NOTCH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.
CHAPTER VI.
A FRIEND IN NEED.

TRAPPER TOM grasped the vines that the unknown had placed in his hands, with that desperation that a drowning man grasps at the least thing which will offer him assistance. The next moment the rope that encircled his ankle was cut and his feet carefully lowered to a narrow ledge entirely concealed from the basilisk eyes above by the deep shadows of the overhanging vines and foliage.

The moment, however, that the rope swung back over the rift without its weight, a yell of baffled rage burst from the lips of the savages. This was immediately succeeded by the sound of excited voices and hurrying feet.

"Take it easy, Trapper Tom," said the unknown friend; "the red-skins will hardly get down here before you can get the blood started aright and ready to flee."

"Wal, really—wal," stammered the old trapper, rubbing his eyes; "I'll swar it blured my optics more or less, stranger—it wern't a pleasant posish, I'll warrant ye."

"I presume not," replied the stranger, whose clear, musical voice denoted his youth.

"Now, stranger, if you'll jist lead the way, I'll follow you outen this valley and shadder. I swar I've no liken for the spot, but ten to one you see'd my flyin' trapeze performance."

"To be sure I did. Fortunately I happened here a few minutes before you jumped from the log," replied the unknown, who, leading the way, soon piloted the old trapper from the gorge into the woods.

Trapper Tom now took the lead, and the two proceeded toward that point on Clear Lake from whence the trapper desired to embark for his Castle.

It required but a few minutes' walk to bring them to the margin of the little lake.

They paused where the moonbeams fell full upon them.

Trapper Tom now turned to his companion.

"Blarst my ole peters if it ain't Harry Herbert, the boy hunter!" burst from his lips in astonishment when he recognized the face of his companion.

"Yes, Tom, and I presume you'd have recognized me ere this had your head not been turned aside down in the chasm," responded the youth.

Harry Herbert was a lad not over twenty years of age, and but for the dark, silken mustache that shaded his mouth he would have appeared much younger. He was small in stature, but well-built. His eyes were dark and beaming with a bright, jovial and fearless expression. Short, dark ringlets clustered about a fine-pointed head that was covered with a mink-skin cap. In features he was handsome, although his face and hands were tanned by sun and wind to a nut-brown; and there was an air about him that told of more than the usual culture among bordermen.

Harry Herbert was represented to be a cousin of Pauline Winslow, and the truthfulness of the fact was manifest in the great family resemblance between the two.

"Wal, younker," said Trapper Tom, after they had conversed for a few minutes, "you done me a good turn to-night, and—"

"Yes, I presume so, when I turned your heels below your head," interrupted Harry.

Trapper Tom indulged in a low, silent laugh. "Edzactly, Harry, edzactly," he at length replied, "and as one good turn deserves another, suppose you turn in with me at Lake Castle and spend the night."

"I'll be only too happy to do so, if you will warrant my safety from your spirits."

"I'll do that, lad. Polly Winslow shan't be cheated outen her boy-lover while Trapper Tom's head's level. No, sirree! She's a glorious gal, and that's scores of young fellers that'd give their very souls for her; but that's neither here nor there, so let's set sail for the Castle."

As he concluded, he proceeded to launch a canoe which he had concealed hard by. This done, they entered the craft and seated themselves, and the next moment they were gliding across the waters toward the Castle.

They were out about a hundred yards from shore when suddenly a voice rung out over the lake with startling distinctness.

"Ho, there, Trapper Tom!" it called. "For



They were out about a hundred yards from shore, when a voice rung out over the lake with startling distinctness.

God's sake permit me to lodge at Lake Castle to-night again."

The old borderman ceased paddling. The voice was familiar to him. It was that of Dashing Dick, the hunter.

"By the shades of purgatory!" exclaimed the trapper, "it's Dashing Dick, and his presence recalls to my bemuddled brain the fact that I see'd him and Polly Winslow fleein' from some o' Red Falcon's savages, not three hours ago."

"Is this possible?" exclaimed Harry, manifesting great surprise.

"Yes, and it may be Polly's with him now. If not, she's fallen into the power of the cursed devils."

"Then for Heaven's sake paddle back, and let us know at once where she is."

Trapper Tom headed the canoe shoreward. A few vigorous strokes of the paddle carried it to the beach where Dick was standing.

Another moment and the young hunter was aboard the craft.

"Where is Polly, Dick, where is Polly?" Tom hastened to inquire, seeing he was alone; "I see'd you and her to-night ridin' like the de'il to git away from a pack o' Ingins."

"You stood at the margin of the wood where—"

"Yes, whar you left the prairie. Where is she?"

"God only knows. She disappeared from her animal's back while we were fleeing through the woods. She rode at my side, and how and when she escaped I am unable to say, for her horse kept right on, all the time, alongside of mine. The darkness prevented my noting her disappearance until I found myself surrounded by a pack of savages, from whom I narrowly escaped with my own life and the loss of my horse."

A sigh escaped the lips of Harry Herbert, while old Tom groaned aloud.

"What's to be done?" the latter asked.

"I know not," replied Dick, "for even now the savages are swarming through the woods in search of me, and to tarry here will be sure death, for I know—"

He did not finish the sentence. There was a quick rush of moccasined feet. Half a dozen dusky figures glided from the shadows of the timber, rushed down into the water and seized the canoe, while, at the same time, a wild yell thrilled out upon the air.

"Ho, demons are upon us!" roared old Tom, springing to his feet and swinging aloft the heavy oaken paddle; "up and into 'em, boys—lay on with a vim! Our lives depend on our nerves. Ho, thar, ye red hellyon! take that, and that, and—"

Here his voice was drowned in the wild confusion of the battle, that now became terrible.

CHAPTER VII.
THE CONFLICT.
THE forest around Clear Lake became resonant with the din of the conflict. Trapper

Tom, Dashing Dick and Harry Herbert on the one side and the six savages on the other!

The latter made no attempt to slay the whites. Their capture alive seemed to be the sole object of the attack.

Harry Herbert, whipping out a small revolver, opened fire with telling effect, while old Tom stood erect with his heavy paddle, which he used with great skill and success upon the tufted skulls of his adversaries.

The latter struggled hard to upset the canoe, hoping thereby to throw the whites off their guard, and while struggling with the waves, gain a bloodless victory. They were armed with short clubs, but the position of our friends, and the desperate resistance they made, prevented them from inflicting any serious blows with the cudgels; and in less than two minutes from the beginning of the attack, those of the red-skins that were not killed outright beat a hasty retreat into the woods, leaving the three white men masters of the situation.

Shout after shout pealed in thunderous notes from the iron lungs of old Tom, heralding their triumph.

When he had thus given expression to his feelings, he again seated himself and put the boat in motion, heading, the second time, for Lake Castle.

"By Heaven, that was a lively bit of sport, boys!" was the first remark of Dashing Dick.

"Yes; and had the varlets not been so determined on takin' us alive, they might have got our skulls without losin' a man," replied old Tom.

"You think, then," said Harry, "that they wanted to take us alive?"

"Sartinly. I understand Red Falcon has offered a king's ransom for myself, alive and in good condition," replied the trapper; "and them devils at the creek to-night come purty nigh gittin' me, too—they would if it hadn't been for you, Harry."

"And the panther," added the boy hunter.

"Hullo! what does that mean, Trapper Tom?" suddenly exclaimed Dashing Dick, pointing away toward the eastern shore.

All eyes were at once turned in the direction indicated, and they saw a dull red light in the timber. It was stationary, but even while pondering over its import, it began moving along the lake-shore toward the north, at a rapid speed, rising and falling as it went, as if borne upon a tossing wave.

Trapper Tom ceased paddling and watched it with a silent interest that denoted his intense curiosity and wonderment. Harry Herbert watched his face and that of Dashing Dick also. He saw that both were equally puzzled by the mysterious light, but he was not a little embarrassed himself, when Dick turned and fixed a strange, interrogative look upon him.

The light continued to move on around the edge of the lake, until it had reached the north side. Then it stopped, and coming down to the water's edge, made a few rapid oscillations and burst into a flame. A few minutes later it

seemed to be moving out upon the surface of the water toward Lake Castle. This our friends discovered was really the case. It appeared to be drifting before the wind, which was blowing gently from that direction, and when it had reached a point well out upon the lake, the watchers saw that the light was attached to a canoe which contained no occupant, but which was being carried toward the Castle by the force of the wind.

"Devilish queer!" muttered Trapper Tom, in a tone that told he was puzzled.

"It is, indeed," replied Dick, and he stole another glance at Harry, upon whose face he detected the shadow of a smile.

"It's my opinion it's some signal, or decoy," declared Tom.

"Very likely, Trapper Tom," responded Dick.

"I hardly believe it, boys," added Harry Herbert; "some of Tom's hunter friends are endeavoring to perpetrate a joke on him."

"Nay, nay, lad; you and Dick are all the hunters thar is in twenty miles o' here. I tell you thar's sumthin' up, and I'm in fur investigatin' the matter. The canoe will soon drift hereaway if we'd wait on it, but we can facilitate business by goin' to meet it."

His companions entering no protest against his course in the matter, the old trapper at once headed toward the strange craft. When within a few rods of it, and directly to the windward, Tom ceased paddling, and in a few minutes more the craft drifted within reach of his paddle. Reaching out, he drew it alongside of their boat.

The light in the boat was still burning. It was a kind of a torch, made of a bundle of dry sticks, and fastened on the thwart of the boat by means of a strip of green bark. Upon the same seat within the uncertain glow of the torch lay a number of sticks, which had evidently been but very recently cut. Four of these sticks were of the red willow, and among these lay a fifth one, which had been made perfectly white by peeling the bark from it.

"Thar, by the shades o' Tophet!" exclaimed Trapper Tom, "what did I tell you, boys? Who says that that light and them sticks ain't 'tended for sumthin' or other? Four red ones and one white one. Are we in danger? Are these a mute warnin' to us—a silent message meanin' that we're in danger o' four red and one white enemy?"

A momentary excitement agitated the minds of the little party, for Trapper Tom's interpretation of the matter in question impressed itself upon them as being the actual fact itself. They were in danger from five enemies, four red and one white.

"But where can these five enemies be? Surely not in Lake Castle," said Harry Herbert, giving free expression to his thoughts.

"Nay, nay, Harry," responded Trapper Tom, "they're not in Lake Castle, that I'll stand good for. But it means sumthin', that's sartin, and so here goes for the Castle."

He tacked about and pushed for his strong-

hold, permitting the strange canoe to continue adrift. Two minutes' paddling brought the trio to alongside of the landing in front of the Castle door.

A landing was soon effected and the canoe tied up. Then Trapper Tom turned, and, having examined the door to see that it had not been tampered with, he proceeded to unlock and open it. This was all soon accomplished, and Tom entered the Castle, followed by Dick and Harry.

It was dark as pitch within the apartment, but Tom removed the ashes from some coals that he had covered on the hearth, and piling some dry fuel upon them, soon had a cheery fire burning.

As the ruddy light pervaded the room, old Tom glanced carefully around the apartment, to see that every thing was as he left it. Dashing Dick watched every movement of his eyes, and, when the trapper had announced every thing in order, something like an expression of relief passed over the young hunter's face, for the secret of the torch and the sticks must have impressed him with the belief that those five enemies were in the Castle.

"Quite an impregnable fortress, Trapper Tom," said young Herbert, glancing around the room with an eye of admiration.

"It's a poser to the red-skins, Harry," responded Tom, "and because they can't take it, they go off and slander me by sayin' the place is haunted. Bah, the red fools!"

"Boys," said Dashing Dick, throwing himself upon a pallet of furs at one side, "I acknowledge the strength of the Castle, and my present security makes me feel like a coward when my mind reverts to the unknown fate of Pauline Winslow."

"Tut! tut!" ejaculated Trapper Tom; "who's here in this crowd that believes Dashing Dick, the hunter, to be a coward? Not ole Tom Strothers, by a long shot. Thar's no doubt but you are oneasy 'bout Polly, but so'm I, and Harry, here, too," and a mischievous smile flitted across the face of the speaker, for he knew his two guests were rivals for the hand of Miss Winslow.

Dick now gave a full account of his and Pauline's adventure from the time they left Prairie View up to the time of their meeting by the lake, and from this Trapper Tom formed an opinion that the maiden had been captured by the savages, and so the three resolved to set out in search for her the following morning.

This matter being settled, the master of the Castle began the preparation of something to eat, for his appetite had been sharpened by a day's fasting and a night's adventures.

Dick stretched himself in an attitude of repose upon the pallet, while Harry seated himself in one corner and in silence watched Tom at his work.

Dick was now afforded the first opportunity of scanning his young rival's features and the very peculiar garb he wore. He saw that he was quite youthful in appearance, and his bronzed face bore such a striking resemblance to that of his cousin, Pauline, that the young hunter tried to console himself with the fancied belief that he was in her presence. But the muscular limbs, the swelling chest, the silken mustache and bronzed features of the young man would not admit of this, but impressed him—Dick—more fully with the stern fact that in Harry Herbert he had a formidable rival so far as personal looks were concerned.

Harry became conscious of the gaze fixed upon him by Dashing Dick, and as if to avert the magnetic power of his dark gray eyes, he turned slightly on his seat and opened a conversation with Trapper Tom.

Presently he arose and went out onto the platform, closing the door after him.

Tom went on with his work, and, when supper was at last made ready, Harry was still out. The old trapper went to the door and called him.

There was no response.

"What can he be?" muttered Tom, and, followed by Dick, he went out to look for him.

To their surprise they found he was nowhere about. He was gone, and the manner of his departure was enshrouded in a mystery to them, for the canoe—the only one about—in which they had come over to the Castle still lay exactly where they had left it.

Believing, however, that the young hunter would soon make his appearance, the two went back into the Castle, and seating themselves at the rude table, partook of their supper in silence.

Half an hour passed by and Harry did not return. Dick finally came to the conclusion that he would go ashore and see if he could find some trace of the missing youth there. Tom was opposed to this, but the young hunter laughed away his objections, and, going out, he sprang into the canoe moored alongside of the platform and pulled out into the lake.

Tom watched him a moment, then, closing the door, he seated himself before the fire and indulged in a train of reflections. He passed over in memory the terrible adventures through which he had passed that night, and, when he remembered by whose hand he had been rescued from a terrible death in the chasm, his spirit became aroused, and it seemed as though he, too, ought to go in search of Harry, who might then be in trouble. But this he could not do now, for Dick had taken away his only canoe. Then he wondered why Harry had gone away, and how, and why Dick manifested such great uneasiness about him. Surely there was something singular about it all.

He at length arose, and crossing the room, threw himself upon his pallet of furs. Here, with his elbow resting upon the couch, and his face upon his palm, he soon sunk into a kind of mental stupor.

His eyes are now fixed upon the sand-floor before him. They are possessed of that vacant light so peculiar to the eye when the mind is growing sluggish with drowsiness, or when the thoughts are far away. His facial muscles relax into an expressionless gravity.

But this inertness lasted only for a minute. The brows of the trapper suddenly became

riage until the close of the war? He has enough money, without needing to wait to recover his estates in Virginia. Only a whim, perhaps. Well, I dare not press him too much. I can be patient; though I will have to be keenly on the alert, since this unexpected appearance of Myrtle. How came she here? I wish she was anywhere else than in Washington!

Some one passing along the hallway recalled her mind to her surroundings.

With a start and a quick glance about to see if there could be a listener to her thoughts, she hastened up to her room.

Richard Wayne left the hotel and took his way down Pennsylvania avenue, in an unsettled frame of mind.

The city upon every side was mournful, in the agony of the hour.

The wall of a horrified people seemed to murmur through the solemn atmosphere; and the wires of telegraph were flashing over the whole country the news of the atrocious crime which robbed a nation of its official head—where had centered the profoundest respect, veneration, hope, and universal good-will of millions of hearts.

Like a feat of magic, Washington was encircled by military guards—cavalry and infantry—pickets on the watch for him who had by his dastardly deed proclaimed himself the foe of both the North and South; and detectives, on horse and foot, were scouring in every direction, working with the stern ardor of men far more than merely shocked or angry.

But quick as had been the distribution of the soldiery, active as were the death-hounds of an avenging law, the daring assassin slipped between the network set for his capture, and the hoofs of the horse that bore him thundered across the bridge to Anacostia—the fleeing murderer dashed through lone and sleepy Uniontown, on, on, with the speed of the wind, into the spectral roads of the country beyond!

Richard Wayne paid little heed to the excitement prevailing. He walked slowly on; and he was thinking of the pale, pain-molded face he had seen at the theater—thinking of Myrtle, and the time of his early love.

He was uneasy in his very soul; he felt the sharp sting of a rebuking conscience, as he recalled the day when he had promised both himself and Myrtle, to return and wed her at the expiration of two years.

And we see that Cora St. Sylvan had succeeded but too well in her scheme to win the truth-allegiance of Richard Wayne.

She had met him in Philadelphia, and immediately set to work with all the artfulness of a designing woman to accomplish the ambition of her unbridled passions.

Leading him gradually but sure from the first firm integrity of principle, Cora ultimately attained the triumph of her desires, brought the fascinated man to an ardent avowal of affection, and accepted his proposal of marriage.

The wedding was to be deferred, however, until the country should relapse into the calm quiet of peace, when he would be able to recover the most valuable of his property in Virginia.

Richard did not sleep well when he retired on that eventful night. All he could do or strive, slumber would not come to his eyelids.

There was a strange heat and throbbing in his brain; and toward daylight—in the hushed hour and solemn darkness—his lips murmured: "Did Cora speak the truth when she told me Myrtle was married?" Followed by a deep sigh, and:

"Well, if it is so, I hope she is happy. If she is not a wife, and Cora has spoken falsely—even then it would be useless for me to return to her. I am unworthy of her love after acting as I have. I almost wish that Cora had never lived—or that I had never seen her!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

Bookworm and Butterfly.

BY CORA CHESTER.

"Any thing in the way of flirtations here, Beth?"

Beth Lonsdale took her snowy hands from the bread she was kneading and opened two hazel eyes in surprise.

"Why, Nan, surely you wouldn't do such a thing?"

"Surely I would, then, Miss Innocence. Come, name over the eligibles and I'll prepare for the best!"

"Well, there is the Rev. Mr. Bliss."

"Ugh, I detest ministers!"

"Then, there's the Professor."

"Worse and worse. I hate literary men!"

"Well, there's John."

"Oh, I'd only have to confess to an ignominious defeat. We all know John's heart is impregnable since somebody has taken possession."

Beth's rosy face left one in no doubt as to who that somebody was.

"Literally all?" inquired Nan, laconically.

"Literally all. I'm afraid you'll have to give up for want of victims."

Nan dropped her worried work, yawned, and walking to the little vine-covered window, stood gazing down the dusty village street.

What she saw there caused her to rush back to Beth with flushed face.

"Oh, Beth, you little fraud! Why, a perfect Adonis has just passed, so handsome and stylish! Who in the name of all that's enchanting is he?"

"Can you give a little more accurate description? I fail to recognize your hero."

"As if Lakeview or any other place could contain two such perfect specimens of the genus homo!"

"A face and form where every god hath set his seal to give the world assurance of a man!"

He was to be coming back soon, Beth, dear, and do wash off that horrid dough and come out for a game of croquet. Do, that's a darling."

So Beth, half-smothered with hugs and kisses, consented against her better judgment, and willful Nan had her way, as she generally did.

And so it happened, naturally enough, that when Alfred Lascar passed the cottage gate again he stopped at sight of Nan's flushed, bewitching face, and lifted his hat with profound respect to Miss Beth, whom he had often pronounced a country dowdy, and until now had never been claimed as more than a distant acquaintance of the haughty Lascars, the *cereme de la creme* of Lake View society.

"Croquet is recovering all its olden charms, Miss Lonsdale, when such lovely ladies deign to amuse themselves with it. I feel as the man must who was always having a peep at other men's flower-gardens during his solitary peregrinations. A glimpse of paradise over this gate, and yet I dare not enter without the permission of the guardian angel."

He bowed again profoundly to Beth, but shot an admiring glance into Nan's gray eyes as he spoke.

"Croquet is very tame no doubt to you *blase* men after fast horses and billiards; but, if you would join our game, we should be most happy," fluted Beth, a trifle stiffly, in answer to Nan's beseeching glance.

"Thanks, dear Miss Lonsdale," and he was over the gate before Beth could advance to unlatch it.

"Nannette, Mr. Lascar. Mr. Lascar, Miss Gerard."

Mr. Lascar professed himself delighted and begged for the pleasure of a game with Miss Gerard, which the young lady granted with many smiles, dimples and dangerously sweet glances. Poor unsophisticated little Beth looked on in surprise at pretty society compliments and glances flew about with greater velocity than the balls. She was not sorry when two figures left the college opposite and crossed over to their gate.

"Ah, Professor, are your duties over? Come in, won't you?" Then to the other gentleman: "Didn't think you could come so early, John. No doubt your prophetic soul told you what a welcome addition you would be to our game."

"The game that two can play at?" inquired John, with a roguish, significant glance at Lascar and Nan.

"Oh, any number are permitted to join!"

Nan took time from her flirtation to dart a glance at the Professor. That gentleman was bending nearly double in the road, regarding a small bug with an interest disproportionate to the cause perhaps.

"Professor, your ball is waiting to be put in motion."

"Eh, what? Oh, to be sure. Excuse me, Miss Lonsdale, I beg of you. I must take this curious specimen and add to my collection. *Venantes tubicola*. Odd I never met with it before."

He captured the ugly thing in his handkerchief and hurried breathlessly across the street without further ado.

"What a bore!" snored Nan. "Is that erratic gentleman a specimen of the geniuses of Lake View?"

"Oh, he's no kind of a fellow," drawled Lascar. "Don't trust yourself to his tender mercies, I beg of you, Miss Gerard. Why, it's reported among the boys, and it's actually a fact, that he took a young lady riding last winter, left her for a few moments, and came across an aerolite near the hotel. Instantly a divine madness seized him. He forgot all about the lady, clasped the rock to his bosom, and drove home minus the fair one. He rushed into college with flying hair and staring eyes, deposited his treasure on the library floor with many injunctions to us boys to keep hands off, commenced a learned discussion with Prof. Beck on astronomy, and then memory resumed 'her sway in his distracted globe.' He suddenly clasped his hands to his head, and, with a wild: 'By George, I've left her!' was off like a flash. When he reached the hotel the lady was waiting patiently about (a la Mary's little lamb), and he trumped up some story that satisfied her no doubt. But the joke was too good to keep, and it leaked out. The lady has since turned her smiles in another quarter."

Nan laughed at this episode, declared she detested dusty old bookworms, and during the week which followed forgot all about the Professor and his oddities.

A week later, during a ramble in the woods he was forced upon her notice, or rather she was forced upon his.

She had been gathering a bouquet of wild flowers, and was preparing to turn homeward when some trailing arbutus, hanging far down on the rocks below, attracted her attention. Willful in this as in all else, Nan declared to herself that she must have them, and prepared accordingly for descent. She stepped cautiously downward, keeping hold of some bushes, when a voice above cried out:

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Gerard, be careful!"

Then her foot slipped, the bushes gave way, and after a dreadful sensation of going down, down, she knew no more.

When she awoke to consciousness her head was upon the Professor's knee, and the Professor was bathing her forehead with his large handkerchief.

She raised herself, a trifle indignant; sat up, and then tried to stand up, but found her foot limp and helpless, and fell to the ground again with a cry of pain.

"I want to go home," sobbed Nan, like a spoiled child, "and I can't. What shall I do?" Then, with a sudden change from fretfulness to indignation:

"Heavens! Where did those horrid beetles come from? Oh, take them off! Take them off, I say!"

The Professor smiled; but, seeing her terror was not assumed, looked really distressed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Nannette, I forgot all about the beetles! Now, remember I did tie them up in my handkerchief, but I was so afraid you'd never recover that I ran for water, took the first thing that came to hand, and the horrid things slipped my memory." Then, with a sigh that touched Nan's really good heart:

"I never can please ladies, Miss Nannette; I don't know how. I always blunder and make them hate me. But, if you will be kind enough to express your wishes I will be happy to put myself under your command for a few hours."

"Only for a few hours?" laughed Nan, with a coquettish, upward glance. Her old love of flirting was not crushed with her foot.

"For all time if you wish it," answered her companion, with a glance of unusual ardor.

"I would only prove a nuisance instead of a protector through such a life journey as you will take. Will those pinions of yours ever tire, child? Will your gilded wings ever be soiled with the dust and sorrows of our workaday world?"

"I never express my pinions," answered Nan, with a miserable attempt at a pun. Then, catching a mischievous gleam in his usually grave eyes:

"Now you're laughing at me for my folly, and are thinking, no doubt, what a ridiculous object I make in my soiled ruffles and wet dress. You look down upon me from the Olympian heights of your learning, but I am happy just as I am. I haven't a thought above flirtations and ruffles, and delight in all the follies of the age. People of brains may read all their days if they like, but I delight to run out, romp around, pick flowers and ride horseback. Why, it would spoil all the fun if I had to pull all these spring beauties apart, give them all hideous Latin names, and press their poor little lives out in some herbarium. Then I think it's cruel to kill bugs. God made them, and their little lives are of as much value to them as ours are to us. I never hate you so much as when I see you stick a pin through some beautiful insect."

She ended her tirade, flushed and breathless, and sat regarding him half-defiantly.

"You plead their case well, Nannette, but it is in the cause of science; I would not needlessly hurt them. You have so much pity for the smallest bug, why have you none for the victims of a larger growth you daily slaughter? You pin their hearts to your toilet cushion and laugh over their sufferings. Are human butterflies made destitute of feeling?"

"You are getting obscure, Professor, and I can't follow. Our discussion on entomology would only be a one-sided affair, and I don't feel in the mood to be taught this morning. The question now is, how shall I get home?"

The butterfly's wings are broken and we must think of some way of carrying her."

The Professor looked grave, listened a few moments, then ran up the cliff toward the road.

In a short time he returned, accompanied by Mr. Lascar.

"The most fortunate thing in the world," lisped the young gentleman. "Pate is getting too kind. Just happened to be driving home when the Professor hailed me to come to the rescue of youth and beauty. How can I ever repay him for the kindness? Permit me, Miss Gerard."

And before Nan knew what they were about, they had half-lifted, half-carried her up the rocks to Mr. Lascar's carriage. The Professor tucked the robes about her, hoped to see her again soon, and lifted his hat as they drove off.

"Lucky I came along," laughed Lascar. "If that old muff had caught sight of a curious specimen during your dialogue your chances of rescue would have been over."

"I think you misjudge the gentleman," faltered Nan. Somehow she could not join in a laugh against him, just then.

Perhaps he found you such an interesting study that he forgot his bugs for once," snipped her companion, with a jealous, sneering look in his black eyes. "I see he has found one fair champion; forgive me if I have offended."

Nan, too weary to quarrel, lay back in the cushions with closed eyes, and vouchsafed no reply. There was something in her attitude, graceful and dependent, that stirred a new chord in Lascar's well-worn heart. Before she could realize it he had declared his love and begged for a return.

Visions of wealth and splendor flitted before Nan's eyes. What position his wife would hold in the world of fashion! What a fine thing to rule as one of the queens of society! But, did she love this man?

They had reached Beth's gate, and Nannette had just time to whisper "yes," when Beth's fervent flew out at the unusual sight of Nan in Mr. Lascar's carriage.

Nan felt his kiss upon her cheek, watched him drive off as one in a dream, then gave herself up to Beth's petting and nursing.

That evening the Professor called and found Nan in white wrapper, playing the interesting role of invalid. She was more capricious than ever, but all her stinging darts seemed to fall harmless from the Professor's coat of mail.

"Why don't you take one of those dear little cottages opposite, Professor?" asked Beth, with a mischievous laugh.

"Now, Miss Beth, that's too bad. You know only the Benedicts of the Faculty are permitted those abodes of bliss. We poor bachelors must content ourselves with uncomfortable boxes of attic rooms. I've often thought how happy the occupants of those dear little houses must be. But, what young lady of these days would settle down to them, when fine young fellows with brown-stone mansions are so plenty?"

Beth answered John's inquiring glance with as loving a one, which said as plainly as words that one little woman would never weigh love in the same scale with a brown-stone mansion. Poor, self-torturing Nan saw the loving glance of perfect confidence, and it roused her to an angry feeling against them all. Did they know that she had sold herself for gold that they kept harping on such sentimental trash as love and devotion?

She looked up just in time to see that the Professor was watching her with a light in his dark eyes she had never seen there before. It startled her, but she rallied, and exclaimed with a bitter little laugh:

"What nonsense you children are talking! 'Poor love in a cottage is hungry, and your vine is a nest of flies; Your simplicity takes to the air, And simplicity takes to the air!'"

"Those cottages are horrid little boxes, and as for the wives of the Professors, they must be just miserable! Ugh! just think once, Beth, of wearing stiff silks, and spectacles, reading 'Locke on the Human Understanding' for light reading, and being made love to in the dead languages! No, my dear young friends, love in a cottage is a myth."

"Give me a fly-trap!"

"Nan, the light of a chandelier, With music to play in the pauses, And nobody very near!"

"And Mr. Lascar to play the devoted, no doubt," added the Professor, dryly. "Well, I confess I admire your taste and good sense, Miss Gerard. These two here are dreaming Love's young dream, but you and I know it is a delusion they'll awaken from some day."

"If this is a dream, God grant we may never awaken," said John, and Beth added softly, "amen."

Nan often sat and dreamed of her future as Alfred Lascar's wife, and pictured to herself many times the grand wedding, glittering presents, and crowded receptions. But, somehow, she never thought of him at all. Other eyes than his haunted her, and a grave, sad face floated between her and happiness.

Three days had passed since her accident, and still Mr. Lascar had not paid his *devoirs*. The fourth, Beth came in breathless with news.

"Oh, Nan, the loveliest suit just passed! A New York lady had it on, and I know it's from Paris. So Frenchy, and Mr. Lascar looked as if he admired the dress as well as the owner. It is Miss Luttrell, just returned from abroad. They have been engaged two years, and the wedding is to come off in the fall. She is enormously wealthy, so it will be a grand affair, I expect."

"Engaged—who?" faltered Nan, feeling as if her future were slipping away from her.

"Why, Mr. Lascar and Miss Luttrell, you inattentive little goose!"

That night Mr. Lascar called, and was received haughtily by Miss Gerard. That of course increased the intense love he had grown to feel for her. He was naturally selfish and calculating, but calculation had all been forgotten in the strength of this all-absorbing passion. For the moment he was its slave.

"Nannette, darling, have you forgot our last meeting? Are you going to drive me wild with your coldness?"

"I do not flatter myself that I have the power, Mr. Lascar, you attribute to me. As for our last interview, the sooner it is forgotten the better. I have heard of your approaching wedding, so all attentions you may pay me in the future I shall regard as insults." Then, seeing he was about to speak, "No more words are needed between us. Love protestations weary me. Go!"

"I do not care for my fiancée, Nan; I hate her! I love you. Surely you will not turn me off for a virtuous notion. You love me."

"Oh, the egotism of you lords of creation," laughed Nan. "Relieve your mind, Mr. Lascar. I do not love you, and please to oblige me by getting off your knees. It is flattering, but inconvenient. Here comes Miss Lonsdale."

"Curse Miss Lonsdale," muttered Lascar between his teeth, forgetting his assumed character of gentleman in his irritation, "and curse all such heartless flirts as yourself."

Then reading aright the scorn and indignation flashing from Nan's eyes, he made his escape just as Beth entered.

Nan sat alone in the gathering twilight; soft tears of real feeling wetting her eyes, when a familiar step sounded on the gravel outside, and a figure she had grown to look for stood in the doorway.

"Oh, Miss Gerard, you here, building *chateaux*

en Espagne in the dark? I am going to give a lecture to the Sophomores this evening, and they are all waiting in the lecture-room. I just ran over to look up a knotty point in one of Miss Beth's old books. I will intrude but a few moments while I search the bookcase? I am in such a hurry."

"You never intrude," faltered Nan, in a strangely subdued voice, "and I want to beg your pardon for all the hateful things I've said to you and about you."

The Professor stared, left his book and advanced to her chair.

"Don't beg my pardon, little one. You have wounded unintentionally; I never thought you meant it."

He took her two hands in his, and caught the gleam of tears in her eyes. Perhaps he saw something else there, too, for he forgot all about his hurry, and the Sophomores waited while their absent-minded Professor told Nan just how dearly he loved her.

Nan has come to the conclusion that professors' wives are not the objects of pity she once thought them; and although she has not adopted the stiff, rustling silks and spectacles peculiar to the consorts of the Faculty, she bids fair to do so in time.

At present she sits in the door of one of the horrid cottages, and is occupied in curling baby's golden hair over her fingers, whispering soft nonsense in her tiny ears, and searching the depths of her wonderful eyes. A pretty poem her husband had read to her the evening before flitted through her mind, and she quoted aloud:

"Where did you get those eyes of blue?"

"Out of the skies as I came through!"

answered a laughing voice over her shoulder. "What makes your face so sober, little one? Puzzling out a problem in Euclid?"

"As if I would dare attempt anything so profound! No; I was trying to solve the problem of baby's life. What shall we make of her, Lawrence? You like women of sense and judgment. Shall we have her a *bleu*, with eyes rolled to the stars in meditation, spectacles, and corkscrew curls?"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" crossing himself with mock solemnity. "No; we'll have her that most bewitching of her sex—a butterfly. They make the best wives, after all."

"Not always," laughed Nan. "It takes bitter experience to teach us that we have hearts. But if you will it that baby shall be a butterfly, then I will look out for a bookworm to mate her with. Butterflies of fashion must be chained to the earth, or their silly, brilliant wings will lead them into eternal darkness, after their frivolous, misspent lives shall have passed."

Gold or Dross?

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

LINNIE HARRISON sat by the table in her own room, one dimpled elbow resting upon the table's marble top, and a dimpled hand supporting her pretty chin.

Her brown eyes gazed through the open window with a far-away look in their translucent depths, and before her lay two open letters.

One of them was most exquisitely gotten up, and the name, signed with an execrating flourish, was "Augustus Fitz-James Howard."

The other was written in a plain, bold hand, and bore the simple name, "John Brough."

"Ah, what shall I say?" sighed Linnie. "I don't know which I like the best. Gus Howard is so handsome and stylish—and he does read poetry so charmingly—but, somehow, I feel as if he wouldn't do to trust. John Brough isn't handsome one bit—but then he is so good and true! What shall a poor girl do?"

"Miss Linnie," this from a little darkey who popped his head in at her door. "Miss Linnie, your uncle Tom want dis ebenin's paper."

"Well, take it, Sam; here it is. No—wait a minute."

Linnie paused, with the paper in her hand, reading the paragraph which caught her eye. She looked up, with a sudden light in her sweet face.

"Sam, you can go. I'll take this to uncle Tom myself," said she.

The small darkey dodged out, and Linnie went slowly down to the parlor.

"Uncle Tom," said she, "I see here that the—Bank has failed. Is it true?"

"Quite true, Linnie. A dead failure. Won't pay five cents on the dollar."

"Well, uncle Tom, isn't some of my money invested in that bank?"

"A little; yes."

"I'll lose it, then?"

"Yes. But it isn't over a thousand dollars. You will hardly miss it. Don't worry over it—the rest is all safe."

"Oh, I don't care much. I only wanted to know."

Miss Linnie went back to her room, and sent a short note to both her suitors, inviting Mr. Gus Howard to call at six and Mr. Brough at eight, to receive her answer in person.

Punctually at six o'clock Mr. Augustus Fitz-James Howard came smiling in, in spotless necktie and immaculate gloves, wearing an air of complacent expectation, like one sure of success.

Linnie gave him her hand with a sober face.

"Before I answer your letter, Mr. Howard," said she, "I must tell you the bad news I have heard to-day."

"Ah, bad news? How sorry I am! Not lost a friend, I hope?"

"Not friends, Mr. Howard, but property."

Gus Howard's countenance fell, and he inquired anxiously:

"Indeed? Not serious, I hope, Miss Linnie?"

"Judge for yourself, Mr. Howard. Uncle Tom had invested for me in the bank which failed to-day, and I lose every dollar—every cent. I am sorry, but I thought it best to tell you before we entered into any engagement."

"Oh, yes, certainly, Miss Linnie! You are quite correct. I am sorry to hear this, indeed I am. Now, if I had a fortune it couldn't make the smallest difference, but—but—"

"But as you haven't it would not be prudent to marry a poor girl," put in Linnie, as he hesitated.

Howard looked curiously at her, for she hardly liked the tone of her voice, but she looked very calm and sweet, so he said:

"Yes; that is very sensible of you, Miss Linnie, to see that. I'm afraid if I married a poor girl I should fail to make her very happy."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure you would," interrupted Linnie. "If I were the poor girl, I am certain you would."

This time Mr. Howard was quite positive her tone was rather sarcastic. Anxious to end an interview which began to grow unpleasant, he said:

"I'm so sorry! But you think, then, all had better end between us?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," answered Linnie, promptly. "If I were rich it need not make any difference, but being poor—oh yes, Mr. Howard, all had better end at once."

"Well, I repeat that I am sorry. I am indeed, Miss Linnie. You're a sensible girl, you

are, indeed, Miss Linnie, and I'm sorry to lose you. But it can't be helped, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, it can't be helped, Mr. Howard!"

Linnie's manner kept making Mr. Augustus Fitz-James Howard more and more uncomfortable, so he bowed himself, and his regrets out as soon as he could.

The very moment he was gone, Linnie stood in the center of the parlor, a perfect embodiment of flashing scorn and indignation.

"There!" she cried, her scarlet mouth quivering. "I see the stuff *he's* made of! But I couldn't bear to see John Brough show himself like this! No, I won't see it. I'll write a note and tell him to answer it, instead of coming."

There Miss Linnie broke down and began to cry with all her might. And if she had studied herself a little more, I don't think she need have taken the trouble to test her lovers at all.

She went up to her room, and hastily wrote a note to John Brough, telling him what she had told Howard.

An hour later, as she sat waiting for his answer, word was brought to her that he was in the parlor.

Trembling nervously, she went down. John Brough advanced to meet her with the note in his hand.

"I have just received this," said he, "and I felt so troubled I could not stay away. Forgive me for coming, but oh, Linnie, can nothing be done?"

There were tears in John Brough's eyes, and there were tears in Linnie's as she replied, "No, nothing, I fear."

John Brough hesitated a moment, then he put his arm around Linnie's shoulders, and gently drew her to his broad breast.

"Forgive me, dear," he whispered, "if you were still rich, I would not dare do this until you gave me the sweet right, but when I see you in trouble, I forget every thing but that I want to comfort you. Oh, Linnie, darling, if you lose every thing else in the world, you can not lose my love! You can not lose that, dearest!"

And Linnie—well, Linnie just flung her arms about John's neck, and sobbed out:

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1913.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. It is sent to subscribers by mail, from the publisher's office, at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, four months \$1.00
Two copies, four months \$2.00
One copy, one year \$3.00
Two copies, one year \$6.00
In all orders for subscribers, be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscribers can start with any issue number. Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to cover American postage.
All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to: **READER AND ADAMS, Publishers,** 96 William St., New York.

In the coming number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be given the initial chapters of

The Powerful Novel

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

THE CREOLE WIFE;

OR,

The Cousin's Scheme.

A love and heart romance—a tale of wrong, perversity and revenge—a story of sorrow, suffering and sacrifice—a revelation of a girl's beautiful life and an injured mother's high resolve—all these are involved in the development, progress and consummation of

THIS SPLENDID PRODUCTION

of this popular author's pen. Mrs. Burton's talent for plot and action has been happily illustrated in her previous works—her "Madame Durand's Progress," "Adria, the Adopted," "Coral and Ruby," "Strangely Wed," "Cecil's Deceit," etc., have given her a commanding position as a novelist; while her conception of character and personal peculiarities is so minute and true to life that each individual introduced seems like a special study. These attributes are all eminently apparent in this new story, which is of that intense personal interest that no reader will care to lose a line of the narration.

The Creole Wife.

The Proud Husband.

The Lucifer of the Heath.

The Son of Lucifer.

The Mock Wife.

The Speculator's Poe.

The Brave Daughter.

The Follied Detective.

are the main actors in a drama that serves to illustrate the power for evil of one intriguing nature and the unhappiness sure to spring from credulity and suspicion. It is a good—an impressive—a very impressive story—one that we delight to publish and that readers will delight to read and reread.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—The *Nokomis Gazette* makes a proper suggestion when it advises, in regard to obtaining certain stories in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, that readers should give their orders to their newsdealer to save them a copy regularly, of the paper. As newsdealers are apt to sell out, and usually order very close to their sales, the call for a few extra copies sometimes exhausts their supply before regular readers can call for their paper. It is well, therefore, to give a definite order beforehand, to your dealer, and thus have him retain your copy for you.

—The new postal law forbidding us longer to receive our exchanges free of postage compels us to overhaul the exchange list, which it has been a great pleasure to us to serve, for several years past. A paper like the SATURDAY JOURNAL, of course can make no use of exchanges, as it has no "scissoring" to do—its matter all being original. The exchange, therefore, was given for fellow-ship's sake, but must now be discontinued for reasons apparent to our friends of the press. The law suppressing the free passage of any mail matter is so good in its general effect that we can not grumble at the provision cutting off free "exchanges," and we think the country press generally, that now finds the order rather annoying, will approve of the principle involved.

—We are almost daily amused at the tribulations of those impracticable and shortsighted people who see no good in any kind of literature but that which is "serious." Nothing that is fictitious pleases them. A "story" is something frightful—a novel something abominable. And yet, when you mention *Asop's Fables*, *Christ's Parables*, *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Sunday-school "Tales"*, they say: "Oh, they are proper enough because they are good." Now, however, we are told that they are not all good—that much of the *Sunday-school* literature is fiction, and "sensational" at that! The *Sunday-school* *Workman*, for instance, arranges their book list thus:

"One characteristic of the novel is a *talking* tide—for instance, something like the following: 'The Three Bags of Gold,' 'The Emerald Necklace,' 'The Diamond Brooch,' 'The Gold Hunters,' 'The Cave Child,' 'Tim, the Scissors-grinder,' 'The Red-Cross Knight,' 'The Frontier Angel,' 'Slim Jack, the Circus Boy,' 'Leonard, the Lion Heart,' 'Laughing Eyes,' and 'Tom Tracy of Brier Hill.'"

"Are these the names of novels, or of *Sunday-school* books? Six of them are taken from late catalogues of books for *Sunday-school* libraries, and six from the catalogue of 'Beadell's Dime Novels,' and, unless you are very familiar with one or the other of these lists, I defy you to tell me which is novel and which is library book."

The Dime Novel readers will readily pick out from this list the secular and unsecular or professedly moral. Out of the entire Dime Novel list of three hundred books you will find no such titles or stories as "Slim Jack, the Circus Boy," and "Tim, the Scissors-grinder." The Dime Novels aim at something better than exhibitions of low life; and we think the *Workman* is doing a rather cruel thing in showing up this discrepancy.

The writer in the *Workman* gives us the following information as the result of his experiences and examinations in the matter of *Sunday-school* libraries:

"Of the lists of the *Sunday-school* Union, about one-half are fictitious stories. Of the publications of the Carters, more than three-fourths are of the same unreal character. The plots of many of these vicious tales are of the most approved modern pattern. There is the inviolable good boy or girl, who is persecuted without mercy, and with great apparent success, by the villain of the story, in the person of a very bad boy indeed. The good boy is a pattern of unblemished virtue; the bad boy is a specimen of unmitigated vice. Of course, in

the end, poetic justice is respected, and virtue triumphs; and, lately, a fresh element is added to the plot, which owes its origin to the fact that there are no longer any boys or girls; and that is, the hero or heroine is happily married in the last chapter, and settled for life in a comfortable home, with from one to six children, more virtuous than their parents."

After this exhibit we much fear that those well-meaning censors who heartily disapprove of *Dime Novels*, and the story papers generally, will have to overhaul their Proscribed List and include the books of the Carters and of the *Sunday-school* Union; or, failing to do this, must, in consistency, give the *Dime Novels* the precedence, to which, as stories, they certainly are entitled.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Is there any thing equal to mother-love? Has there ever been a love purer and more unselfish than that of a mother? Can we ever, and do we ever, repay such a love as hers? When we are not doing as we ought, it is the gentle chiding of a mother that should turn us away from following the broad path. If she tells us of our shortcomings—and have we not many of them?—we think her notions old-fashioned, and as belonging to other days and past ages.

We consider ourselves as being perfectly able to take charge of ourselves—poor, silly, inconsistent creatures that we are—and think that our mothers wish to stand in our light and crush all thoughts of pleasure out of our hearts. It is downright wicked, for us to have such thoughts and talk in such a nonsensical manner; but we do, for all that. We are very wrong—very, very far in the wrong; for a true mother—and, Heaven be thanked, there are but few mothers of the other kind—does all she can for our advancement and our good; she sacrifices for us more than we know or can ever repay her for. When we are young and helpless, it is she who deprives herself of rest on our account, and how can we be so unwilling as not to heed her words? If her advice is good, why should we care how "old-fashioned" it is?

A man who will, through all the buffeting and temptations of this life, still hold in his heart the love for his mother; is a man to be trusted; but that man who either ridicules or speaks lightly of her who gave him birth, can not be a man of honor or purity, and I want you to keep him away from me, for I should be sure to set the watch-dog on him. If he had no respect for his mother, he wouldn't have any for those of her sex, so let him go anywhere save to the home of the Lawless family.

When I went to school, a little boy attended it, and the name of his mother was almost always on his tongue upon every occasion; many made this the occasion for sport, and used to remark about his being "tied to his mother's apron-strings." I didn't—you know I generally go contrary to everybody else; I honored him for it, and had the rest of my schoolmates loved their parents as much as he did, I wouldn't wonder if they had grown up less callous than they did. To see a mother leaning on the arm of her son is a sight beautiful enough for an artist to paint; is it not an exemplification of the divine command, "Honor thy parents?"

When away from home, it is not the mother who is most missed and pined for, and on the sick-bed in the hospital, is not that sweetest of all words, "Mother," heard from the lips of the poor invalid? They well know how to hold such a love against their hearts, and it is not in their natures to let it grow cold from lack of remembrance.

And when mother is ill, what a void seems to be in the house, and how the clock-work machinery of the household seems to run down! The children miss her deft fingers as she was wont to put up their dinners in the little tin pail, for recess at school, and the goodies forced by other hands can not begin to compare with those of the mother. At meal-times, her presence is missed at the table, and the food once eaten with pleasure seems now to choke one. But when she recovers, and goes once more upon her round of accustomed duties, everything seems to brighten up, and we think we can never do too much for her; we are not going to allow her to be a pleasure for any more; it is always going to be a pleasure for us to execute her slightest wish and do all in our power to render her life a happier one and more free from toil than it has been. What a pity these good resolutions fade away when they ought to last forever, and what shameless mortals are we to forget that we ever made them!

When mother has gone forever, and we wake up to the reality that her voice is still and mute, it is then too late to wish we had done as we should; but to you, who have your mother yet with you, it is *not* too late to love and cherish her—to hold her to your heart and let her know the love she gives you is returned.

Do these words find an echo in your heart, dear reader? Eve has written them because she has seen so much ingratitude on the part of children toward their mothers, when those same mothers would have willingly laid down their lives for them. If it is a new fashion for you to ignore the wishes of your mother, then I vote for the dear, good old fashion of love and respect for mother. Who will agree with me there?

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

The Vienna Exposition.

HERE I am in Vienna! I am sure it is me. I have looked in the looking-glass and I am willing to swear that it is the same fellow who has gone under my name, contracted my debts, and worn my clothes since the day I was born; but I had a hard time getting here. I started over in my imagination, but it broke down and left me in the middle of the Atlantic, and a good way from home; then I chartered a clipper-built shark, but he soon gave out; next I mounted a billow and rode several days on it, and finally reached land by diving down and walking on the bottom of the sea several hundred miles. I had many narrow escapes from drowning, and got my feet wet frequently. Traveling on my ear sometimes and on my muscle, and partly on railroads and partly on my back, I reached this city and engaged about the enquirer, at five dollars a week, washing extra. As my mission was to describe the American Department of the Great Exposition, I take my glass of beer in hand—I mean my pen in hand—to inform you that it is well, and in a few months will be able to be out. Indeed, this department will out-Vienna other in the Exposition, and I am never so patriotically proud of my native land as when I go up and down these avenues with a coat made out of an American flag, and the cap of Liberty on my head, and see the magnificent display from over the heaving sea—I think that's what they call it.

Here in this corner is a magnificent set of machinery run by steam power, very complicated and patented for ninety-nine years. It is a machine to catch fleas, and it does its work beautifully. Three or four men get around the fleas with horse-whips or shot-guns and drive

them into the machine; when they are all in, the door closes and the machine begins to move and in twenty minutes every one of those fleas is a dead man. This machine was invented out in Indiana, and the inventor has accumulated a fortune.

Then, near by is a complex machine for taking the bark off of dogs; and another noble piece of machinery is a sheet-iron dog which you wind up and place under your neighbor's bedroom window, and as it has a howling capacity of fourteen dogs, it is a success; no matter how much your neighbor may shoot at it, it never loses a hair or a note. No household should be without a couple of them!

What has attracted the attention and admiration of scientific men here is a complete rubber suit for geese, which will keep them perfectly dry in the wettest weather. It was invented by a thoughtful farmer in New Jersey who had a good deal of leisure on his mind, and who, owning one thousand shares of Erie stock, was led to study how to keep the geese from being swamped when that stock was "watered."

Here is a very superb and elaborate machine, which does credit to the genius of invention and turns out twenty bushels of wooden cucumber-seeds a day, and they are so perfect that nine out of ten of them, if planted in good soil, will grow, and bear fruit—a very little woody.

A wagon-load of pumpkins from Vermont attracts great crowds of European visitors, who think they are American oranges, and seem astonished at the size of the fruit.

Here we have a small piece of the Niagara Falls in a glass case, with some of the spray in a sealed bottle.

Here we see the most magnificent display of woolen knit-work in the Exhibition, which has received the premium over all European competitors—a pair of knit socks, but slightly worn, with holes elaborately and skillfully worked in them. These hail from Tennessee, and occupy a very large part of the department.

Probably one of the most attractive features of American industries on exhibition, attracting immense crowds, including royal families, is a couple of crocks of Ohio soft-soap. They are highly praised.

In carpets of course we are always ahead of all other nations. The display in this line is notably fine and worthy of weeks of study and admiration, and consists of eleven yards of extra one-ply rag-carpet, but little patched—the rents not being objectionable because you see every thing in the background behind it. This carpet stands at the head of all others, and can not be put down.

Here in this corner you will observe an endless system of complicated machinery, the purpose of which is to tell bad eggs. The eggs are put into a revolving cylinder, going through several processes of shaking and pounding until the shells are removed and the contents of the shells are brought forward by machinery in a dish to where the engineer stands, and he takes a sniff. *Every thing depends on the sniff!* The Zoological Department is quite complete, and consists in part of one pair of not extreme, but red bedbugs, broken to harness; one fine cage of Maumee musketoes with wings clipped, and which have only killed three persons so far, who got within four feet of the cage; one span of fleas, broken to saddle; one pair of chipmunks; three jaybirds; one fine aquarium of tadpoles, which a barrel full of wiggletails.

Of the other departments I may speak at length hereafter—if I can raise enough money to go in again.

Woman's World.

Home no longer Home for Americans.—The Summer Insanity.—The Loggerhead Family.—Sinner Men.—Winter Morals.

HOME, that sweetest word in the English language, that peculiarly English word, in all its significance, bids fair to become an almost meaningless term to a large class of Americans. We multiply conveniences, comforts, and amusements for living, but it appears that we are inclined to make them subservient more to our social than our domestic wants. And yet, in its best sense, we do not have society; at least, not in the olden acceptance of the term, when society was the offshoot of home influences. Society now means, to most Americans of good circumstances, a round of parties, balls, dinners, and dissipation of various kinds, during the winter months, when people reside in their town houses; and a summer of equally exciting and exhausting pleasures at the summer resorts, the watering-places, or the tour of Europe.

With many of smaller means, who can not afford the round of winter entertainments, there is an endurance, worthy of a better cause, of every kind of petty parsimony, and uncalculated miserly self-denial, for nine months of the year, for the special purpose of this summer dissipation, or of the fashionable "trip to Europe."

To speak what seems to me to be an incontestable fact, the majority of American women, in our great cities and small, live only for display, and the gratification of their vanity, and a petty ambition to cut a dash in the world. The sacrifice of dignity and common sense on the part of some of our parents, to make this annual summer display, is laughable, and mean to a degree. I know a wealthy man, with two handsome daughters. They are worth a million. They know of but one use for money—to make a vulgar display. They are so parsimonious in some things that they will not keep a house; they do not even own a dwelling, they borrow suitable accommodations, they *cheaper* every thing they buy, or bargain for; as they take two floors, in their boarding-house, the landlady bears any amount of meanness and fault-finding to retain them. They keep two carriages, and the father drives a four-in-hand team. They keep four extra riding horses, and are seen in the Park riding or driving at all hours of the day, from five in the morning till five in the afternoon. To see their names in the Daily Blazer, or Society Bulletin, Bloomingdale Road, or Harlem Lane, is the height of their ambition. They spend their money freely for opera boxes, and dress in flashy silks, laces and diamonds; the father is the backer and actual owner of three well-known pawnbrokers' establishments, in different parts of the city. He goes to those offices every day, and although his name is never seen on the door, or in their advertisements, it is no secret that he makes, and has made, most of his money in that way. He owns, also, stock in various railroad and banking companies; he speculates in stocks, bonds, and real estate.

This family never entertains. They have no friends to entertain. They live so incessantly in the pursuit of their pleasure and vanity, they do not care for a home. They go to Europe every year, or to some fashionable watering-place, where they astonish the crowds with their flashy splendor. I said they had no friends; they have a number of servile parasites, who indorse every thing they say and do. Not one in a thousand of the gaping crowds who stare at the vulgar display of these people are aware of the fact that the diamonds they wear are pawnbrokers' merchandise. The father frequently deceives some unwary, green reporter

to herald the magnificence of his daughters' diamonds in some morning or evening daily. The jewelry is minutely described, and its value stated in the report of some ball where it was worn. It is then put on the market, and sold by the cunning pawnbroker at the valuation reported. The story is told that Miss Kate Loggerhead has become tired of her diamond necklace, and prefers to sell it—that it can be bought at such a certain broker's office for ten thousand dollars less than cost; and some greedy simpleton is found to catch at the bait, and purchase the \$20,000 bauble for \$10,000. In all probability it is not actually worth \$10,000, the stones being light-weight South African jewels.

The vulgar meanness of this Loggerhead family can not be described; the very reporter they have duped with their splendor they will not hesitate to "cut" to use their own refined jargon, as soon as they have used him and his paper for their own purposes.

But the Loggerhead tribe, numerous as its members are, are not the only class of Americans who can not and do not know what a truly home feeling is.

I know a worthy and highly intellectual man, a publisher of repute, a gentleman and a scholar. His health has been failing for several years. His unremitting toil has brought him wealth, but not health nor domestic happiness. Not that he is a notoriously wretched man. Quite the reverse. Everybody admires his elegant wife and "accomplished" daughter. They are considered "ornaments of society." This gentleman's physician ordered him to the country this summer, to some inland village or quiet farm-house, away from the bustle of the city and where he would not be exposed to salt air and sea breezes. A friend found a delightful retreat for him and his wife and daughter up among the Berkshire Hills, in the family of a gentleman of ample means, who could afford to entertain them in a really elegant style. The rides and drives in the neighborhood were charming, and the country gentleman had teams and carriages, which he was willing to put at the disposal of the invalid and his family. They could be promised only a limited amount of society, but that could be of the best. Now, when the wife and daughter of this refined and cultivated invalid, this good, tender and kind husband and father, reached their retreat among the Berkshire Hills, do you think they could be persuaded to stay? No, indeed! Miss Fay must have "society," and that meant the Saratoga and Long Branch crowds. "Heavens!" said the shocked mother to the invalid husband, "Why, what do you mean, my dear? This is burying my Fay alive!"

When the suggestion was modestly made by a mutual friend present, that the father's health should be the main consideration, the proud mother promptly answered: "Well, let Papa stay here among the Berkshires Hills; Fay and I can go to Saratoga." And this was what the poor invalid had struggled through life for; to accumulate a fortune, that it might pamper the selfishness of a heartless wife and a vain, silly daughter. "If such is their summer circumstance," must be their winter morals? Poor invalid! He has no home, summer or winter; for there can be no home where there is no heart. In the chase of the unsubstantial thing called "society," how many American women are sacrificing every home joy and all domestic happiness! Ah, how many.

The two cases here cited really represent classes. The Loggerheads are but the types of great numbers of vulgar, mean and low people—rich in money, but very destitute of almost every qualification of a refined head and heart. They flaunt their riches in our faces every where—everywhere their impudence and ill manners are sure to confront us; and foolish people, who regard riches as the all-essential thing in this life, receive the Loggerheads with consideration. Miserable sycophants! Do you not know that you disgrace human nature by this subservience to what is essentially ignoble and low?

The other case mentioned represents a class, the antipodes of the Loggerheads in culture and refinement; but in their own way are quite as heartless and selfish. When women become so habituated to society and publicity as to dread the repose of home, their culture but adds to their folly, for cultured people ought to have within themselves a thousand resources of happiness denied to the "shoddyite," and when they find no pleasure in a home, it is indeed a bad sign of the times.

EMILY VERDERY.

A BASHFUL SCHOLAR.

The great professors who can face the battery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum, are frequently the most diffident when taken away from their regular sphere of labor. There was Professor Aytoun, who was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval—"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait until you return."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to marry. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? he is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

EMILY VERDERY.

Mr. ALBERT W. AIKEN's new and eagerly expected serial,

The Man from Texas,

we find is awakening a keen interest even among the Trade. A number of newsdealers, making inquiry as to the particular issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL in which the story will be commenced, express a purpose to make extra orders with that issue. Newsdealers are pretty quick judges as to what is popular and sure to "take," and in this instance they only anticipate what must be in order during extra supplies of Mr. AIKEN's

Unique Arkansas Romance,

for "The Man from Texas" is working out not only his own destiny but that of several other under circumstances which most vividly delineate Arkansas social and public life, and depict phases of Arkansas "civilization" that have no parallel in the civilized world. It is a very original story, and one of the few literary performances of the year that prove the race of American authors to be by no means extinct.

Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package, marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used, or, in all cases, only the best part is used.—All correspondence and packages, except those marked as "copy," "trial," "length," or "two MSS. of equal merit," will always be returned by mail, and on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the following page number.—Articles by authors implies a want of merit. Miss M. is unavailable to be well worth of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We will find place for the following contributions, viz.: "True Always," "That Unlucky Bell," "Mr. Bessemer's Lesson," "Una's Escape," "Outward Bound," "Maggie May," "A Chance Acquaintance," "Our Guide's Story," "The Make-believe Match," "Our Sisy," "A Sober First Thought," "Xon Wrong Me, Sir," "The Little Chimes Ransom," "The serials," "A Bad Race," "The Governors' Legacy," "Mordant's Crime," we hold for further consideration.

The following contributions we must pronounce, for various reasons, unavailable, viz.: "Our Country," "Keep Away from the Girls," "How Southwicks was Sold" (defective as a MS.); "A Last Stroke," "The Miner's Fate," "All for Hate," "Bouncing Bet," "Great Men," "The Old Maid's Inheritance," "Miss Brown's Suitor."

E. E. A. We do not care for the Short Stories. Have enough on hand.

G. W. B. Will try and use the MS. although it somewhat needs revision.

ALFRED. Money to contributors by check.

VIOLINIST. The less variety a violin has the better.

BRICK FASHAW. Great Britain doubtless has more professedly "scientific" men than America, and therefore is more advanced in her scientific culture.

HERM. M. We can use the sketch and poems. The latter, however, we can not use, as they are too much too good rhyme pressing for place in our columns to stock up with expensive verse.

FANNIE A. The address of your friend, Laura L., is through her letter to me. The address of your friend, Laura L., is through her letter to me. The address of your friend, Laura L., is through her letter to me.

A PROTESTANT. The initials O. D. appended to Father Burke's name, imply Order of Dominic. He is a member of that order—the society of Dominic.

DASHING DICK. The author named has nothing, at present, in our hands.

SPENCER. Cook and Son are Englishmen who get up excursion trips for large parties to Europe. Their charges for a six or seven weeks' tour on the continent is about \$400 gold, which includes all expenses of the round trip. It is very cheap.

EDITOR. We of course have had, under the new postal law, to revise our exchange list. See notice in the "Arm-Chair."

HOMER R. Your views regarding English verse are incorrect. English versification is governed by accent rather than by length of syllable; thus, in an octosyllable meter the introduction of a line of nine syllables is not unusual, and if the accents are correctly placed, is by no means disagreeable.

And there, beneath the glowing bow,
Did the jovial hand hold little carous.

E. P. J. We can not inform you "how to learn ventriloquism." This is a technical art, and, on the "art" for which write to the American News Co.

CASPER S. The author named has by no means ceased to write. He is lying "fallow" for awhile—in fact is now, and has been some months, off on a tour through the Northwest. He is an extensive reader of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—pays not a line for any other paper.

EDWARD B. B. That we do not approve of young men seeking Government situations and appointments we already have declared. These sweet Southern tea and a person has to so fawn, truckle and humiliate himself to obtain even a petty "clerkship," that no young man of spirit could do it. He is an honorable and honorable thing else, therefore, which is honest and honorable, than to "work for a place" in any Government capacity.

JOE PICK. Can not say from whence the expression referred to sprang. It is a very old proverb, meaning of a line from one of the old poets. We will investigate, as a matter of curiosity.

MATTIE WAYNE. If you have a box at the opera, you can appear in full dress, and in a promenade costume, with dress bonnet and light kids will be in good taste.

TEA-DRINKER. An excellent cup of English breakfast tea can be had at low prices by mixing one pound of heavy Assam and two pounds of sweet Southern tea together. The average price per pound, thus mixed, will be about seventy-five cents.

SUNDREY. The suit, as supposed to weigh seven hundred and forty times the combined weight of all the planets which circle around it.

THEODORE ST. CLAIR. It is most injurious to have your teeth polished by a dentist; it destroys the enamel. We would advise you to brush your teeth with cold water, and they will retain their whiteness longer than under any other treatment.

CARLTON KENNEDY. Watches were first made in Germany in the year 1470, and in 1759 that country was first planted in the United States.

YANKEE TOM. Whitewash the walls of your cabin. Yellow ochre is injurious, and causes depression of spirits.

ALICE LEVY. You should introduce the gentleman to the lady, not the lady to the gentleman, and when you do not wish to form the acquaintance of a person, decline in a manner as little calculated to give offense as possible.

FANNIE HASTINGS. The most fashionable letter paper is tinted, with the monogram stamped thereon, and a square envelope.

MORTIMER HOLMES. Carmine, the most beautiful of all red colors, is obtained from the cochineal insects, which were originally found in Mexico, but are now successfully raised in other countries. The preparation of carmine requires great care and skill. It costs 70,000 of the dried cochineal bugs to weigh one pound!

LILLIE LESLIE. In thanking a young gentleman for the pleasure derived at an entertainment of any kind, must be too long and tedious. The lady should say, "Your feelings should suggest a suitable form of words, earnest and unfeigned."

EDWARD B. B. To remove the ink-stains from your marble mantle apply to it with a feather moistened with muriatic acid. Do not allow it to remain long or a mark will be left. Rub it with a soft rag, and when the stain is removed, drop a little sweet oil on the part, and give it a polish.

ALBERT HAZELTON. Lamp chimneys are very apt to break with sudden heat. To prevent this, cut or scratch the base of the chimney with a glazier's diamond, or plunge them in cold water, and place them on the stove until they become hot enough to be "seasoned."

LADY GAY. Never tempt gentlemen to take wine, but offer something more substantial at your entertainments, such as oysters, cold meats, and sandwiches. Too many find it difficult to resist temptation, and commence the career of a drunkard over a glass of wine.

HENRIETTA BROWN. Your questions we hope to answer satisfactorily in the following. The human heart is six inches in length, four inches in diameter, and beats 72 times per minute, 4,320 times in an hour, 100,800 times a day, and 3,657,600 times in a year.

MOLLIE KING. Short trousers reaching to the knee, where they are met by high boots or stockings, is a becoming manner of dressing little boys.

FRANK GODLEY. Think twice before you speak, and you will find it an excellent method of curing your temper.

THE WEEPING WELL.

An Indian Legend.

BY HAP HAZARD.

A placid pool, in whose translucent deep
Are pictured bristling wood and mountain steep
And azure sky, with banners red and white
Of sunset-tinted clouds, hung hung in air—
A mirror, Nature's own, so tranquil fair,
It seems the window of another world.
With tuffing, here and there, of grasses' dross
And flowers, nodding in the passing breeze;
And, over all, the verdure-untilled trees,
In faded, shimmering, the limpid tide,
Is head-tilted in defiant pride.
A cliff, aspiring to a giddy height,
With bow of granite fronts the Gate of Night;
Adown its rugged face, as tear and dew,
Drip crystal drops into the pool below.
This is the spot and this the tale they tell
Who keep the memory of the WEEPING WELL:
Twas yonder spot, where the dead forest wood
By lords of Nature's own was ruled o'er,
A maiden drooped, in melancholy mood
And mournful mien, beside the voiceless shore
Of that still pool, and o'er the brink she bent,
With dithering sighs and sobs and loud intent,
Voiced her sad plaint, in accents piteous low:

"We were twin daughters of a sire
With arm of steel and heart of fire;
And who would dare to brave his ire,
No-mo-na?"
"Thy step was light as the gazelle's,
Thine eyes, the birdlings in the dells,
Thy face, the blossoms on the sister wells,
No-mo-na!"
"And as the maize's silken floss
Was thy long hair, in thread and gloss,
And thy soft palm as velvet moss,
No-mo-na!"
"And as the nodding rush
Thy form, with youthful vigor such,
Thy voice was answered by the thrush
From out his covert in the bush,
No-mo-na!"

"Thy praises far and near were heard,
Yet none could love the humming bird,
His neck with Love's fond zone to gird,
No-mo-na!"
"Though warriors told their triumphs o'er,
And brought the trophies won in war,
To lay them down before,
No-mo-na!"

"But one there came from o'er the sea;
Ah! like the morning sun was he!
With foot of wind and eye that flashed
As hotly on the chase he dashed,
In quest of foe or startled game,
As when the warlike Manitou
His lance and bow of hardy frame
Rends wide the veil that shrouds the blue;
And as the sun's warm rays divide
The smoldering clouds on either side,
So broke upon his smiling face
That struck with terror to the foe,
A smile of winning gentleness,
So bright and clear as the word
He sought thy shy, given care,
And called thee, oft, his humming bird."

"Methinks I see again the glow—
That breaking dawn of holy joy—
Diffuse its radiance round thy brow,
As yields thy form with fondness o'er,
With all the young fawn's timid grace,
To meet thy lover's warm embrace,
How drops the lash upon thy cheek,
Where blushes play at hide and seek,
As it would veil the ecstasy
That glows in that sweet, averted eye!
And, as the grasses fall and rise
When sweeps the wind around the dell,
So fall thy guests on the summer night,
Disturb thy bosom's wounded swell."

"Oh! that so black a night should fall
Upon such cloudless day!
And, with impetuous fall,
In his reluctant should all,
Should swallow up each ray!"

"The Serpent, from his covert low,
Descended the Bird with fearless wing,
In his breast sprang up a glow
Such as might feed a wife a thing."

"Now, to her sire's lodge does he repair,
And says before him presents rich and rare;
His triumphs vaunts in battle o'er the foe,
His skill with tomahawk and knife and bow;
His trophies he shows, and the trophies he shows,
That hail him as its chief—a motley crew!
And shows his breast, all seamed with gash and
While no dishonor blanches his back:

"And ending, says: 'I were meet that such a one
As is the Bear should smile on such a son.'"

"The Bear thus makes reply: 'All honor go
To one who dares thus bold to make the foe,
The Bear his lodge's welcome doth extend
To the brave Serpent ever as a friend;
But more to this may never be—although
The Bent consent, the Manitou said—
Where far the salt lake traveleth at morn,
And gives the sun to glad the sleeping earth—
A trail of fire of the winter night."

"From mighty chiefs took the Wind his birth,
And, roaming distant o'er the boundless lake,
Rapid a lodge, and sought his trail to stake,
And find again his strength in food and rest:
Thus did the Bear receive his stranger guest.
As speeds the hurricane in wrathful mood,
Wild havoc spreading ruin, the afflicted wood—
Snaps short the hemlock with restless stroke,
Rends from his anchor the stubborn oak,
So falls the Wind upon the flying foe,
As soft as the zephyr's whispering,
Their breath with perfumes laden of the flowers
That fill the wood, while wing the floating hours
On noiseless pinion thro' the summer night,
Thus doth the Wind resistless in his might,
As in his pleading love resistless, too,
The Humming Bird in honeyed words woo.

"With no dishonor to the Serpent, one,
Such as the Wind, the Bear would hail as son."

"Then from his heart of treachery leaped out
Piercing hatred thro' the Serpent's blazing eye,
He snatched the Bird with cruel hand and
And gained the wood that spread its covert high.
The Wind, tho' far, yet heard her frighted scream,
And, as the lightning thro' the darkness gleam,
So burst his eyes, and like the flames leapt
That heralds of the tempest wild, he stood
To catch the sound; then, with the whirlwind's
He sought his love, deep in the horrid wood."

"Now writhes the laboring wood with pang and
thro'!
Her shuddering echoes bandy sounds of woe!
The sickening pool of human prey and
Before the mightiest restless of the Wind
To her defense does she her life give;
Far thro' the wilds the creature dies;
But, wounded, at her feet the victor lies.
She pillows soft his head upon the charms
That like two virgin worlds, had from her breast
Unscathed by a tumult of alarms."

"And quails her heart with anguish, then, lest
Those cooing words should give his spirit flight,
And leave her soul engulfed in rayless night,
With her long hair she stanches the red tide
That flows unceasing from his pierced side,
And with the crystal tears from her heart
She washes his neck on which she oft has hung
When drinking in his love-late, often told;
But now, alas! the neck her arms enfold,
His slithered in its dear flesh from food-scent darts,
Whose cruel barb now rakes in her heart."

"The moon had waxed and waned, and still the Wind
Had not the strength to chase the bear and hind,
Meanwhile, the warriors of the Bear had sought
The Serpent far 'forest deep and glade,
And yet his wily still had put to naught
Their subtlest arts, the while his hand had paid,
And one and one, the tribute of his blood
Avenge. Avenge the blood of the Serpent!
Till not an arm was left in the defense
Of him who one time scores had hailed as prince."

"The sun lay warm on rippling mead and brook,
What time the Wind and Humming Bird betook
Themselves to this pool, to con their love's end,
Which each in other's eyes had of times read,
Which each new reading sweeter than before,
Had reached its fullness since when they were
Where poison lay threw its baleful shade,
As the Arch-demon upon that pair of old
Whose blissful lot no sorrow did invade,
Till by their sin, of whom the Wind oft told,
So, from his ambush, with his heart consumed,
Looked forth the Serpent on life's couple, doomed
To such sad fate as rare is heard, I wis."

"His murderous heart no weak relenting knew;
As darts the swa low, on its errand fell,
The gleaming missile, from whose whetted blade
The air shrunk, shrieking, side and side, afraid,
Oh! where the Genius whose protecting wand
Should have aided this messenger of hate,
Now deep gazing in the mirrored pond,
The Wind, unworried of the impending fate?
His bride now thrills at his impassioned words;
And her fond arm, that clingly enclasps,
Protects his heart from that mortal wound."

A shriek of pain and terror—a wild yell—
A rending of the bushes with a crash—
A strife, such as the deepest damned of hell
Must look upon with frantic glee—a splash!
In circling waves the affrighted waters sped
From the fall spot that witnessed such a deed,
And high upon the shrieking banks they leapt,
As they would fain seek refuge from the deep,
Where far from mortal sight are hid for aye,
The murderous monster and his hapless prey.
The shuddering banks spurn the polluted tide
That brings contamination in its kiss;
The baffled waves fall back with angry hiss—
Battle each other—sullenly subside.

"Ah! who can tell thy dumb dismay,
My sister?—how was snatched away
From thy stunner soul the light of day?
Without a sigh—without a moan—
Thy very heart was turned to stone,
And close the fountains of thy tears were bound,
Like some still pool, with icy fetters round—
In that lone place thou stoodst—alone!"

"Oh! I woe the day that saw thine agony!
Oh! I woe the day that saw thee fall a sin!
Thy glassy eye made search all fruitlessly
For his returning who but now had been
So warm in thy embrace—thy god—thy sun!
Who now, so cold, and vast, and horrid lay!
In bottomless abyss whose shadows dun,
Ne'er dissipated by the light of day,
To monsters without name gave harborage,
Whose weird deformity would lack for gauge!
But all the horrors congregated there,
To wean thy heart from its fond fealty
Were powerless. Amid thy cold despair
Sprang up a longing passion to be
With him who was thine all in all; and deep—
With one heart-broken cry, with one wild leap—
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

Thus waited the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight;
In that abyss thou plunged!—to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"

And when the horse-car was out of sight,
Winnie flew back to their cozy rooms, a smile
on her lips and in her eyes.

"And I'll go to mother's, too—but I didn't
say which mother's, did I, baby?"

She rapidly and neatly packed in a valise the
baby's plain clothes, a couple of chintz dresses
of her own, a change of under-wear, a plain
black alpaca, and a few odd little articles—col-
lars, cuffs, and a ribbon or so.

Then she shut up the house, locked the door,
and started for Linden Farm-house.

"What! you do housework? Why, you're
nothing but a child yourself!"

"Oh, I'm wrong, and very well. I can cook
and iron and sew."

"With that baby? He's a cunning little
thing, ain't he though? What's his name?"

"Harry—Harry Smith."
Mrs. Linden winced—"Harry," eh?

"And yours?"
"Mary, ma'am. If you only would give me
a chance and let me try. Won't you, please?"

The pleading brown eyes went straight to
Mrs. Linden's heart; she was so lonely at times,
nowadays, and that bright little "Harry"—
she really imagined its eyes were like another
Harry's.

"I can't promise you much wages, Mary, if I
take you. But first—where's your husband?"

"A scarlet tide came surging over her cheeks.
"He's—he's left me, ma'am."

"The brute!—you are sure you were mar-
ried?"

"Oh, yes; I am a decent woman, Mrs. Lin-
den."

There was a dignity in the quiet tones that
the old lady liked; so she said:

"I believe you, Mary. Now take off your
things and Harry—the child's, and let me hold
him while you see if you can set the table."

That was Mary Smith's introduction at the
farm-house, that from mere kindness from Mrs.
Linden, developed into strong friendship, as
the long summer days wore on, and the fair,
agile fingers wrought miracles of assistance,
while the labor-worn wife rested in her rock-
ing-chair, or watched with loving eyes the
play of Mary's baby.

Little by little Mrs. Linden grew to wonder-
ing what she would do when Mary went away—
if ever she did; gradually she grew to trust-
ing to her wholly for all comfort and enjoy-
ment, and then she told her all about her Har-
ry, and his wicked wife who never should
darken her doors.

Then there came a letter to Mrs. Linden that
her son would stop a night on his way from
Gloster home, and Mary must bake a batch of
her nicest shortcakes—Harry loved them so—
and the chore boy was sent a mile in the sun to
pick those big Wilsons that Harry relished so.

"And now, mother, I have brought a picture
to show you—how I've like it?"

Mrs. Linden gazed at it in amazement.
"Why, that's my— Who is it, Harry?"

"How do you like it, I said?"
"But how did you get Mary Smith's picture?"

Come here, Mary!"
Harry laughed.

"You're complimentary, mother. Why,
that's my wife, my Winnie— What in the
world?"

For Mary Smith's arms were around his
neck and she was kissing him rapturously.

Then, before anybody could explain, old Mrs.
Linden, in a glad voice, spoke:

"It's as clear as daylight, Mary—I mean
love you dearly—dearly as servant or my son
Harry's wife. Didn't I say the baby had my
boy's eyes?" she added, triumphantly.

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.
HASTA CADIZ.

THE sun has set over the far extending wa-
ters of the Pacific, and San Francisco Bay is
illuminated by the light of the moon.

On its breast is perfect calm, the ships show-
ing as in a mirror with masts reversed, every
rope of their rigging having its duplicate un-
derneath.

No canvas is spread, and the flags left flying
for the night do not fly, but hang drooping
down from the tops of masts, or over taffrails.

Among the vessels both in harbor and offing
reigns tranquillity, almost complete stillness.
Strange, too, for usually these send some
sounds ashore, if only the rattling of a chain,
the clank of the night-watch at the windlass,
drawing the anchor's hawser astern, or the song
of the tars squatted around the hatch of the
forecastle.

No such sounds proceed from the ships in
San Francisco Bay. For there are but few men
aboard to make them.

Now and then a boat puts off from the side
of one better manned, or is seen returning from
the town, its slow, laborious movement and un-
steady stroke of the oars telling that it has not
the full complement of a crew.

In the town all is different. There, noise,
crowded streets, flashing lights, and the con-
fusion of voices. Shops may be shut, but
houses are open; restaurants, drinking bars,
saloons devoted to gambling, with others to de-
bauchery of a more questionable kind.

Into all of them go men loaded with gold-
dust, or dollars; often coming out lighter than
they entered in purse—in heart heavier.

Into this Pandemonium two young men are
about to enter. They are advancing toward it
along the shore road, which leads into San
Francisco from the south.

It is at that hour when all sorts of iniquity
have commenced their nightly career. Though
in San Francisco some kinds do not wait for
the night, many of the gambling saloons being
open throughout the day.

The young men in question are Edward
Crozier and William Cadwallader. After re-
turning from the *paseo de campo*, they have
dined with Don Gregorio Montijo, and made
their adieus to him and his family, with no in-
tention of calling upon or expectation of seeing
them again until they meet at Cadiz.

There they hope to renew the acquaintance,
are in fact as sure of it as men under the cir-
cumstances may be. Their ship is ordered to
the Mediterranean station, and will call at the
Spanish port on her way. She has first to
show herself at the Sandwich Isles, and return-
ing across the Pacific, look in at Mazatlan and
other Mexican ports. Don Gregorio Montijo
has been made acquainted with this programme
and much more. He knows what his guests
between the two *guardia-marinas* and his girls.
All four have confessed that they are *fanciees*;
and the Spanish *hidalgo* has sanctioned the en-
gagements. Not without inquiring into the
character and social standing of his future
cuadras. He has been aboard the war-ship, and
obtained from Captain Bruchberg satisfaction
on these points—sufficient to make him quite
contented with the alliance. Both the young

men are of good family; Cadwallader passing
rich, Crozier in prospect a millionaire.

The Spaniard on his side has imparted confi-
dences, in short, given his programme for the
coming months. He has told them of his reason
for leaving California, of his good fortune in
disposal of his property, with the handsome
sum obtained. Also that he has that day se-
cured passages in a sailing vessel as far as
Panama. He has given them some details
about the sort of ship selected, and why he has
chosen her. After stating the chief, he adds:

"The *minas* will be better voyaging that way.
They will be more comfortable, having the
whole ship to themselves. Besides, they will
not be exposed to the company that quiet peo-
ple would rather shun—rough gold-diggers,
crowds of whom are now returning to Europe
and the United States, via Panama."

All these confidences Don Gregorio has im-
parted in the after-dinner conversation, as he
and his guests are sipping their wine.

One piece of intelligence he has communi-
cated in regard to the engaged ship, which does
not much surprise his listeners—that she is en-
tirely without a crew, not so much as a single
sailor being aboard of her. He asks their
opinion as to how the difficulty may be got
over. As naval men he supposes they should
know.

They do not know—at least not enough to
remedy a defect of such magnitude. Even their
own captain, with all his official authority,
could not under the circumstances find hands
for other ship than his own.

Crozier, however, can promise Don Gregorio
some little help in his dilemma. He knows
one sailor who has just left the Crusader, his
time of service having expired since the ship
came into port. A splendid seaman, who can
be trusted in every way. Harry Blew, for this
is the sailor's name, may not yet have gone off
to the gold-diggings; and the young officer
thinks he has not. He would not leave without
bidding a more formal adieu to the man who
has saved his life. For Crozier has done
this. In all likelihood Harry is still in San
Francisco. The officers are going into the
town and will search for him that very night.
If found, Crozier can give Don Gregorio as-
surance that at least one seaman, and a good
one, will offer his services to the captain of the
crewless ship. If not, he, Crozier will cease to
believe in the gratitude and boasted fidelity of
a sailor.

This promise has been the parting speech
made to Don Gregorio by his guests. Though
not the last spoken by them before leaving.
With the two other, and only members of the
family, adieus of a different and far more ten-
der, nature have closed their interview *hasta
Cadiz*.

In the *patio* where the parting has taken
place—outside under the soft, silvery light of a
California moon—the *gazes d'amour* have been
again displayed, and fresh vows exchanged—
this time sealed with kisses.

Their lips still aglow with these, their hearts
thrilling with sweet triumph, the young officers
continue on toward the town.

They are afoot, having refused Don Grego-
rio's offer to furnish them with horses. In high
spirits they prefer walking, and for more ten-
der, nature have closed their interview *hasta
Cadiz*.

Between the two for some time there is si-
lence. Each is occupied with his own reflec-
tions, whose sacredness absorbs him.

And for awhile from these there is nothing
to distract them. The moonbeams falling
brightly across their path, the ripple of the
waves breaking lightly along the strand; above,
the "chuck-will's-widow" sounding its soft
monotone; all in consonance with their
thoughts, a little sad after the parting.

As they draw nearer to the city, see the flash-
ing of lights, and hear the hum of voices, for
thoughts come uppermost, and they enter into
conversation.

Crozier commences it.
"Well, old fellow, we've made a day of it.
Haven't we?"

"That we have—a rousing jolly day. I
don't think I ever enjoyed one more in my
life."

"Only for the drawback?"
"You mean those fellows? Why, that was
the best part of it—so far as fun. To see the
one in the sky-blue wrap, after I'd dined his
horse, go off like a ship in a gale, with me
at the helm! By Jove! 'twas equal to Billy
Button in the circus! And then the other
whom you bowled over in the road, as he got
up looking like a dog just come out of a dust-
bin! Oh! it was delicious! The best shore
adventure I've had since joining the Crusader.
We'll have something to talk about when we
get aboard."

"Yes; and something to do as well. We
haven't seen the end of it yet."

"Why not? Surely you don't intend chal-
lenging

cloud has veered round for Sacramento, the silver lining lies on the side of the ship.

The sailor ponders and reflects; as he does so, thrusting his hands into his pockets as if in search of coin. It is an act merely mechanical—for he knows he has not a cent.

While thus occupied he is seated in the little sanded bar-room of the "Home." Alone with the barkeeper—the latter eying his sailor guest with anything but a sympathetic look. For the book is before him, showing the indebtedness for three days' board and as many nights' bed; a record that makes a bar sinister between them.

Harry Blew thinks, and thinks. Must he surrender? Give up the dreams of getting bright gold and return to spreading black tar?

A glance at the barkeeper decides him. His decision is expressed in characteristic colloquy: "Wi' me the old sayin' 'I'll have to stan' good. 'Once a sailor still a sailor.' Damme! I'll go back to the Crusader."

CHAPTER XXII.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

HAVING resolved upon returning to his ship, Harry Blew is about to sally forth into the street, when his egress is unexpectedly prevented.

Not by the landlord of the low hostelry, nor yet the barkeeper. Both would be only too glad to get rid of a guest who is three days' reckoning in arrears. For his sea-chest, including a suit of Sunday-ashores, is good collateral security for the debt. It is already hypothecated for this, as its owner has been notified.

What hinders Harry Blew from going out is a man who is himself coming in.

No enemy, but a friend; for in the individual who has thus darkened the door, and thrown his shadow across the sanded floor, the discharged tar recognizes an officer of his own ship. Indeed, two, since there is a second close-follower by the first. At sight of them, Harry Blew utters an exclamation of joy. Not noisily, but in a subdued tone. At the same time jerking off his straw hat, giving a pluck at one of his front ringlets, and bobbing his head; all this simultaneous with a backward scrape of his foot upon the sanded floor. It is intended in humble salutation, for he receives his officers with the same respect as if he had encountered them upon the quarter-deck of their ship.

To one, the elder, he makes a second obeisance beyond the rigorous call either of duty or discipline. For in him he recognizes one who has done a great service to himself, in short, saved his life. When the sailor, struck by a boom, was hurled overboard, into a high, rolling sea, and senseless would have sunk to the bottom, a strong swimmer leapt after, caught, and kept him on the surface till a boat rescued both.

It was Edward Crozier who did this, and it is he who has entered the tavern.

The bar-room is but dimly lighted, and as he steps across its threshold, he asks:

"Is there a sailor staying here, by name Harry Blew?"

"Ay, ay, sir," is the prompt response, Harry himself giving it, along with the salutation described.

During the short interval of silence that succeeds, the sailor's heart can almost be heard beating. Late depressed—down in the dumps, as he himself would have worded it, the appearance of his preserver is like saving him a second time. Mr. Crozier has come to invite him back to rejoin the ship; the very thing he was thinking of. This is his surprise.

He waits for the officer to speak.

"I'm glad to find you here, Harry. I was afraid you had gone off to the diggings. How is it you haven't?"

"Well, Master Edward, I did intend standin' on that tack, but couldn't get under way, for the want of a wind."

"I don't understand you, Harry."

"Why, you see, sir, I've been a little bit speeched since comin' ashore, and my locker's got low. More'n that, it's quite cleaned out. Though, I s'pose there's plenty of gold in the diggin's, it takes gold to get there; and as I haven't any, I'm laid up here like an old man upon a mud-bank. That's just how it is, young gentlemen."

"In that case perhaps you wouldn't feel disposed to ship again?"

"I'd already 'most made up my mind to it, sir. I war just about startin' to go aboard the Crusader, and askin' your honor to get me entered on the ship's books again. I'm willin' to join for a fresh term, if they'll take me."

"They'd take and be glad to get you. No doubt about that. Such a seaman as you, Harry, need never be without a ship. But I don't want you to join the Crusader."

"How is that, sir?"

"Because I think I can help you to something better; at least, it will be something more to your advantage in a pecuniary sense. You wouldn't mind serving in a merchant ship with wages three or four times as much as you can get on a man-of-war? How would you like it, Harry?"

"I'd like it amazin', sir. And for the matter o' its bein' a merchanter, that's neither here nor there, so long's you recommend it. I'll go cook if you tell me to."

"No, no," he laughingly replies the officer, "that would never do. I should pity those who'd have to eat the dishes you'd dress for them. Besides, I should be sorry to see you stewing your strength away in front of a galley fire. I'm authorized to offer you a better berth. It's on a Chilian vessel, and her captain is either Chilian or Spanish. That won't make any difference to you."

"No, sir. I don't care what the ship be, or the skipper either, so long as there's good wages and plenty o' grub."

"And plenty of grog, too, Harry?"

"Ay, ay, sir; I confess to a weakness for that, leastways three times a day."

"No doubt you'll get it as often as you've a mind. But, Harry, I have a word to say about that very thing. Besides my interest in your own welfare, I've another and more selfish interest in the Chilian ship; so has Mr. Cadwallader. We both want you to be on your best behavior during the trip you're to take. On board will be two lady passengers as far as Panama. You're to do every thing in your power to make things comfortable for them; and if they should ever be in any danger, from storm, shipwreck, or otherwise, you'll stand by them."

"Yes, Harry," adds Cadwallader, "you'll do that, won't you?"

"Lor, your honors!" replies the sailor, in some surprise. "Sure ye needn't put that question to me—a man-o'-war's man! I'd do that much enyhow, but o' starn sense o' duty; but when it comes to takin' care o' a kuppel o' ladies, to say nothin' o' both bein' young and beautiful—"

"Hilloa, Harry! How do you know they're either one or the other?" asks Crozier, in surprise, Cadwallader repeating the question.

"Lor love ye, young gentlemen! do you think a common sailor hain't got eyes in his head for any thing but ropes an' tar? You forget I war o' the boat's crew as rowed two sweet creaturs aboard the Crusader the night o' the grand dancin', and arterward took the

same ashore along wi' two young reefers as went to see 'em home. Sure, Harry Blew bein' cox on that occasion couldn't help hearing some o' the speeches as passed in the starn sheets, though they war spoke in the ears o' the saynoritas, soft as the breeze that fanned their fair white brows, an' brought the color out in their smooth cheeks."

"Hail you poetical rascal, you've been eaves-dropping, have you? I forgot that you talk Spanish."

"Only a little, your honor; just enough to do me a service aboard the ship you speak o'."

"Well, I won't scold you, seeing that you couldn't help it. I'll confess the ladies in that boat are the same who are to be passengers in the ship. Now, you'll take care of them, I know?"

"That you may depend on, Master Edward. The one as touches a hair o' their heads 'I'll first have to tear the whole o' his off the head o' Harry Blew. I'll see him safe to Panama, or else never get there myself. I promise it on the word o' a man-o'-war's man."

"That's enough. Now to give you directions about joining the ship. She's called the 'Condor,' and is somewhere about in the harbor. You'll find her easily enough. However, you needn't go in search of her now; but report yourself to a gentleman whose name and address is upon this card, a ship-agent, I suppose. He will engage you, make out your papers, and give you full instructions. It appears the Condor is short of hands, even without a mate; and it's quite possible you may receive that berth if you go soon enough. It's too late to-night, but by presenting yourself early in the morning, you'll stand a good chance of getting shipped as mate—all the better from your being able to speak a little Spanish."

"Thank ye, sir. I'll show my figure-head to the agent first thing in the mornin'. Not much chance o' any one bein' there before me."

"All right, Harry. And as the Crusader is to sail soon—perhaps in a couple of days—we may not see you again. Remember what you've said about the senoritas. We shall both trust to your felicity; we know we can."

"Ay, that you can, young gentlemen. Trust your lives to it, an' those of them as is dear to you."

"All right! Let's hope we'll meet again. When you get back to New York you know where to find me. Now, to say good-by. Give us a grip of your hand, old boy. God bless you!"

The young men, each in turn, take the horny hand of the sailor, and press it in earnest friendship.

The pressure is returned; that of Crozier by a squeeze that speaks of more than mere respect. It and the look accompanying tell of true gratitude, fondness bordering on devotion.

After the affectionate interchange, the two mids take departure, and continue their cruise through the streets.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN INHOSPITABLE "HOME."

HARRY BLEW stands in the doorway of the Sailor's Home, watching the young officers as they walk away, and thinking of the change in his prospects, brought about by their interview.

Certainly these have brightened within the hour; for, no longer elevated by the hope of getting to the gold-placers, they had been at their darkest and lowest.

Now the thought of double or treble pay, on board a snug ship, though it be but a trading-vessel, with the chance of becoming mate, instead of foreman-man, has given a fillip to the sailor's spirits, and brought them up again.

The only dumper is parting with the fine young fellow, his patron and preserver. But he has suffered this before when separating with the Crusader, and can better bear it now, under the reflection that though absent, he will still have an opportunity of proving his gratitude. He knows how much Crozier is interested in the well-being of Dona Carmen Montijo—as the younger mid in that of Inez Alvarez; and to be entrusted with a sort of guardianship of the senoritas is a proud thought to the sailor.

To carry out the confidence reposed in him will be a labor of love; and he vows in his heart it shall be carried out, if need be at the risk of his life.

Heaving a sigh as the midshipmen pass out of sight, he turns back into the bar-room, where he is confronted by that which brings the shadow back over his spirits. It is the barkeeper with the frowning face.

Just now there is something like a smile upon it; for the man has got it into his mind that the sailor guest is no longer impecunious. He must have received assistance from the officers, who no doubt came to engage him for their ship—perhaps an advance of bounty money.

"Well, my salt," begins the barkeeper, in a tone intended to be soothing. "I guess you've got the shiners now, and can settle up your score."

"No, indeed, sir," answered Harry, more than ever taken aback; "I'm sorry to say I hain't."

"And what have them gold-buttoned fellows been talking to you about?"

"Not about money, master. Them's two young officers as belongs to my old ship. They war talkin' o' somethin' else—altogether different."

"Much good they've done you, if they haven't given you somethin' better than talk. Words won't pay your board-bill."

"I know that, sir. But I expect soon to get some money—maybe to-morrow mornin'."

"That's been your story for the last three days. It won't stand good any longer. You got no more tick here."

"Can't I have supper, and bed for another night?"

"No, that you can't."

"I'll pay for them first thing in the mornin'."

"You'll pay for them this night—now—if you expect to get them. If you've no expectation, it's no use talking. What do you think we keep a tavern for? It would soon be to let, bodily, bar, beds, and all, if we'd only such customers as you. So the sooner you streak it, the better the landlord will like it. He's just given me orders to tell you so."

"It's gallow's hard, mate; the more so, as I've got the promise of a good berth aboard a ship now in the harbor. The young officers you see'd have been just to tell me of it."

"Then why didn't they give you some money to clear your kit?"

"They'd have done that, no doubt, if I'd only thort o' askin' them. I forgot all about it."

"Ah! that's all very fine, but I don't believe a word of it. If they cared to have you on their ship, they'd have given you the wherewithal to get there. But come! it's no use palaverin' any longer. The landlord won't like it. He has given his orders; pay or go."

"Dash it! I must go."

"Be off, then! As I have said, the sooner the better."

After delivering this stern ultimatum, the barkeeper scowlingly retires behind his bar, to look more blandly on two guests who have presented themselves in front of it, called for drinks, and tossed down a dollar to pay for them.

The sailor turns toward the door, and without saying another word, steps out into the street.

Once there, he does not stop or stand hesitating. The hospitality of the Sailor's Home has proved a sorry sham; and stung by the shabby treatment received, he is only too glad to get away from the place. All his life used to quarters on a ship, with every thing found for him, he has never experienced the pang of homelessness.

He feels it now, with all its misery—its humiliation; and imagines that the passers-by can see that he is humiliated.

Haunted by this unpleasant fancy, and urged on by it, he hurries away, nor stays his steps till out of sight of the Sailor's Home—quite out of the street in which the hostelry stands. He even hates the thought of going back to his chest, which he will have to do on the morrow.

Meanwhile, what is to become of him for the night? where is he to get supper and a bed?

About sleep he cares less, but having had no dinner, he is hungry, half-famished, and could eat a pound or two of the saltiest and toughest pork that ever came out of a ship's cask.

In this unhappy mood he strays on along the streets. There is no lack of food under his eyes—almost within reach of his hand. But only to tantalize and still further sharpen his appetite. Restaurants are open all round him; and under their blazing lamps he can see steaming dishes, and joints set out upon the tables—guests around, with others going in.

He too might enter without any fear of being challenged as an intruder. For among the men inside are some in coarse garb, many not so decently apparelled as he.

But what use presenting himself in a restaurant? He has not a cent in his pockets. Why go in to gaze at dishes he may not eat, and dare not call for? He remembers his recent humiliation too keenly to risk having it repeated; and again, saddened by the thought of it, he turns his back upon the tempting spread, and tramps gloomily on.

Still the question comes again, where is he to get supper and sleep?

How is the problem to be solved?

What a pity he didn't think of telling the young gentlemen of his fix, and asking a little relief. Either of them would have given it at once, and without a word.

No use regretting his neglect, now that they are gone—in all likelihood back to the ship.

How nice it would be if himself aboard the Crusader—in her forecabin among his old shipmates! It can not be, and therefore it is idle to think of it.

What on earth is he to do?

At last a thought strikes him. He thinks of the gentleman to whom Crozier has directed him to apply—the supposed ship-agent.

Though only a foreman-man, Harry Blew is not altogether illiterate. The seaport town where he first saw the light had its common school in which he has been taught to read and write. The former of these elementary branches, supplemented by a smattering of Spanish picked up in South American ports, as also at the Philippine Isles, enables him to decipher the writing upon the card which Crozier has left with him.

Holding it under the light of a lamp, he makes out the name, "Don Tomas Silvester," with the address appended.

Returning the bit of pasteboard to his pocket, buttoning up his dreadnought jacket, and taking a fresh hitch at his duck trousers, he starts off on a street cruise in search of Don Tomas Silvester.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 173.)

The Mad Detective: OR, THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GUESSING THE TRUTH.

CHOCOLATE was thunderstruck; she looked at Mary in utter astonishment. The girl stood with her back against the bedroom door, her arms outstretched as though she feared that Chocolate would attempt to enter the room in spite of her warning.

Mary's face was deadly pale, and she was trembling in every limb like an aspen leaf.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you?" Chocolate asked, in wonder.

"Nothing, nothing," the girl replied, hurriedly, and with trembling accents.

"Why don't you want me to go in that room?" and, as she asked the question, Chocolate advanced a step as though she intended to force her way in.

Mary's features became convulsed; the tears came from her dark eyes and streamed down the pallid cheeks, as with a trembling voice she answered.

"Oh, Chocolate, don't ask me why; but if you ever loved me, please keep away. I have a reason or I would not ask."

Chocolate's sharp eyes looked searchingly for a moment into the agitated face of the girl, who, under the influence of the gaze, drooped her head like a guilty creature, and the dark eyes hid themselves under the white lids.

minute the young girl stood motionless and looked searchingly at Mary, whose wildly-heaving bosom and streaming eyes betrayed the anguish which was so terrible. Then Chocolate turned suddenly around, and retreating, sat down by the table.

But though Chocolate had sat down quietly by the table and seemed to have given up all idea of entering the little bedchamber, still Mary stood by the door.

A horrible suspicion had begun to creep over Chocolate's mind, and though she vainly strove to drive it away, the effort was useless, and it grew stronger and stronger.

And Mary, looking from her station at the door of the little bedroom into the face of the girl seated by the table, saw the suspicion written on Chocolate's face.

"Oh, I know that you think that I am acting strangely!" she cried, impulsively, "and I can not tell you why I act so."

"I know," Chocolate replied, quietly.

Mary did not speak, she only drooped her head again on her bosom and the tears started afresh.

"You need not say a single word, Mary; I know the reason why you do not wish me to go into the room," and Chocolate spoke quite severely, and both her voice and manner told that she considered herself aggrieved.

Mary started in alarm, and with outstretched hands she advanced a step toward the girl as though to implore her mercy.

Then Chocolate gazed just a moment into the pale face, noticed the imploring eyes and the trembling lips, and her heart melted.

"I think that you have acted real mean, Mary!" she cried, impulsively. "I never kept any secret from you. You might have told me that you had a lover that you didn't wish any one to see and I wouldn't have said any thing

against it; then there wouldn't have been any need to hide him away in your bedroom as if he was a thief."

Mary recoiled as if she had been stricken in the face, and she gazed at the girl with parted lips and a strange, wild light in her eyes.

And as Chocolate looked at her, she began to believe that Mary was losing her senses.

Then, with a great effort, the girl seemed to recover herself.

"What are you saying?" she exclaimed.

"What you can't deny," replied Chocolate, firmly. "I'm not blind, Mary, and you needn't think that I am. I know the reason why you do not wish me to enter that room is that some one is concealed there, and that some one is your lover."

Again Mary's head sunk in confusion, and low were the words which came slowly from her trembling lips.

"Yes, I will not deny any thing that you have said; and you can reproach me as much as you please; I deserve it all."

"I haven't got any right to say any thing against you!" Chocolate cried, abruptly, "except that I think that you might have told me something about it, and I don't think that you have acted quite right with somebody else either, but that's none of my business."

A convulsive shudder shook Mary's form. She understood only too well to whom Chocolate referred.

"Well, I s'pose you want me to go out, don't you?" the girl asked, finding that Mary did not speak.

She silently nodded her head in reply.

"I don't see why there is any need of making such a mystery about it," Chocolate said, rising.

Mary only sighed, but did not speak.

"I s'pose that there's some good reason, eh?" Again the girl nodded her head.

"Well, I'll go and see Mrs. Murphy again. I believe that that baby likes me better than it does its own mother. I s'pose I can come back when I hear him go down-stairs?" and Chocolate made a face at Mary as she asked the question.

"Yes," Mary replied, evidently paying but little attention to the question though.

As Chocolate laid her hand upon the door-knob a sudden thought occurred to Mary, and hurriedly she passed her arm around Chocolate's neck and whispered in the girl's ear.

"You must not tell anybody of what you have guessed!" she exclaimed, earnestly.

"About some one being in that room?"

"Yes."

"Why of course not! What a great goose you must think I am."

"Promise me that you will not breathe a single word of it to any living soul until I give you leave."

Chocolate wondered greatly at the anxiety of the girl.

"Of course not!" Chocolate replied, promptly. "Don't you suppose that I can keep a secret? I'm sure that no one ever thought that I was a tattler."

"Yes, yes, I know that!" Mary exclaimed, evidently in deep distress of mind. "I did not mean to say that you were, but if you only knew how anxious I am that no one should know any thing about the matter."

"I don't see why you should be worried about it," Chocolate replied, perplexed at the agitation of the other. "I'm sure that it's no one's business whether you have a gentleman come to see you or not. But, Mary, I do feel real hurt that you didn't tell me something about it. I'm sure that I wouldn't keep any thing from you."

"Don't speak about that!" Mary cried. "I would have told you if I could."

"Why, did he want it kept a secret?" Chocolate queried.

"Oh, if you love me, don't ask me any thing more about it at all!" the girl beseeched. "I must not speak, even to explain my own actions."

"Never mind, dear; don't worry," and Chocolate kissed the pale cheek of the other caressingly. "I won't bother you any more," but, as she spoke, a sudden thought came to her, "I would like to ask you just one question, Mary, and you needn't answer it if you don't want to."

"Well?"

Then the girl dropped her voice to a whisper.

"Mary, dear, do you think that you have acted just right with Mr. Stewart?"

A convulsive shudder passed rapidly over Mary's slight form, and then she hid her face on Chocolate's bosom, and the tears came fast and free.

"Don't cry, dear," whispered Chocolate, soothingly. "I couldn't help asking the question. But, I think that you ought not to have had any thing to say to Mr. Stewart at all. It will only make both of you suffer."

"How could I tell that he would come? I have not seen him for years," the girl murmured, between her sobs. "I thought perhaps that he was dead. I told Mr. Stewart, too, that he could not be his wife when I saw that he was really in earnest. I could not help loving him; it was in my heart, and I was not strong enough to crush it. I knew that our love was a dream, and that when I woke from it it would tear my heart terribly, but I could not help myself."

From the broken sentences, separated by sobs, Chocolate guessed the girl's secret.

It was the old sad story, that the nudge warns us of, "It is better to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," and so Chocolate whispered in Mary's ears, but the girl only replied with a sob.

Chocolate pressed a little soft kiss on Mary's pale lips and then left the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GOOD EVEN IN THE WOLF.

A DEEP sigh came from Mary's lips as the door closed behind Chocolate. Slowly she turned the key in the lock, thus preventing any intrusion, and then opened the door of the dark bedroom.

"You can come out; we are alone," Mary said, in a low, sad voice.

Then from the darkness of the little room into the light of the kitchen came John Blaine. The old careless smile played around the corners of his handsome mouth and shone winnily in the depths of his great, lustrous gray-blue eyes.

And where in the confines of the little dark bedroom had the hunted felon found refuge from the keen eyes of the man-tracker, Campbell?

A glance into the room and the mystery is solved.

The bedstead occupied by the two girls was quite a wide one—a bargain, picked up at a second-hand store by careful, skillful Chocolate—and the mattress was fully a foot narrower than the bedstead upon which it was placed.

Blaine had pushed the mattress over from the side of the bed next to the wall to the front and laid himself down upon the slats of the bedstead in the vacant space; then the girl had drawn the bedclothes over him and adjusted them carefully, and thus concealed him from sight.

"If you say that I must take it, I can not do else than obey you," the girl replied, humbly. "Put it in your pocket then, right away," he said, and she obeyed him even with the word. "That's right," he exclaimed, patting her head. "Ah, Mary, if I had had a girl like you by my side when I first began my life, I think that it would have made a different man of me. And that reminds me, my dear, there's something that I want to speak to you about."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"MARRY HIM." "Yes," and Mary looked up in his face, as if to ask what that something was just now—"Chocolate!" said Mary, as he paused. "Chocolate! Is that her name?" "No; her name is Mary, the same as my own; Mary Croftin, but Chocolate is her nickname." "Ah, yes, I understand," Blaine said. "You need not fear!" Mary exclaimed, hastily. "She gave me her promise before she went out that she would not tell anybody. She suspected there was some one concealed here." "From what I overheard of the conversation between you two, I judged she had no suspicion that the person whom she guessed was concealed here was the escaped convict that the police were in search of."

"But she thought that the person was your lover?" "Yes." "I thought so," and then John Blaine was silent for a few minutes, evidently reflecting. "Mary, I overheard some part of the conversation," he said, suddenly; "and one sentence that the girl spoke I do not exactly understand."

"What was that?" Mary asked, vainly trying to remember what Chocolate had said. "It was just after you got before the door and prevented her from coming in the bedroom. She reproached you with not acting rightly with her, and then added that you had not acted rightly with some one else either."

"A crimson blush flooded the girl's face, and in confusion she bent down her head. Blaine's keen eyes instantly read there a confirmation of the suspicion which the outspoken declaration of Chocolate had created in his mind. Passing his hand under the girl's chin, he lifted up her head so that he could look into her eyes, but the white lids, tightly closed, hid the gray-blue orbs from sight."

"So, so!" he ejaculated, meaningly; "my little girl has a lover, eh?" and then he released his hand from the chin, and the shapely head sunk down again. "Come, Mary, tell the truth," he said, coaxingly; "though I know I hardly need to tell that, for I am sure if you speak you will tell nothing but the truth. I am not at all vexed about it; why should I be? You are human, right in the spring of life, and with the warm blood of youth leaping lightly in your veins. It would be a miracle, indeed, if you should not find some one to love. I do not expect that the blight of my existence is to hang forever over your life. It would be better for you if you would forget that the world holds, or ever did hold, such a man as John Blaine."

"I would rather not speak," she said, slowly, her eyes downcast to the ground. "My dear Mary, you must speak," he replied, firmly. "It is my right to know all the particulars of the affair. Who is the man—what's his name?"

"Carlisle Stewart," she replied, in a voice but little above a whisper. "And who is he? Is he rich or poor?" "Very rich, Chocolate says."

"Ah, that's good!" and John Blaine rubbed his hands together gleefully. "And he loves you, eh?" "He says so," she murmured, softly. "And you love him?"

"Yes—I could not help it, and yet I struggled so long against it," she rejoined, low and plaintively. "Why should you try to help it?" Blaine demanded. "I—I thought of you," she murmured.

"You little goose!" he exclaimed; "John Blaine has been as one dead to you for years; but for this accidental meeting to-night, it is possible that you would not have encountered each other. But, to return to your lover. Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes." "And you accepted?" Blaine exclaimed, perfectly satisfied that he had guessed the truth. "No," he told him that I could not marry him," the girl said, slowly.

"The device you did!" he cried, in astonishment; "and why did you make that answer?" "I knew that you were alive; and I had a presentiment that I should see you soon."

"My dear Mary, this is worse than childish folly," he protested, impatiently; "I am now going to you now, not you to me. Forget the past entirely; marry this man; he will make you happy. I will never trouble you. Only two persons in the world know the relationship existing between us, and those two are Mary Martin and John Blaine. I shall never speak of it, and you surely are wise enough to keep your own counsel. Come, you'll marry this fellow, won't you?" he asked, coaxingly.

"The girl shook her head. "And why not?" "I would not deceive the man who loves me," she replied, firmly. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed, fretfully, and an expression of vexation passed over his face; "you need not deceive him; all that you need to do is to hold your tongue. I will not speak, and no one else can besides myself."

The girl shook her head, but did not reply. Blaine looked in the quiet face for a few minutes, and what he read there plainly revealed to him that no words of his would be powerful enough to alter the determination of the girl. The escaped felon had had some little experience with womanhood during his sojourn on earth, and had fully learned, long years before, how fruitless it was to attempt, by argument, to change a woman's will.

"I hope that you will reconsider your determination some day," he said, quietly; "but, remember, whether you do or not, you have my free consent to marry the man that you love; and I promise you that I will never trouble you in any way."

out of the city. There is no danger of their searching for me here again. Do you think that you can arrange it so that I can remain here for five or six days?" "Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.

"Mary—that's Chocolate, that smart little thing, that was in here a little while ago?" he said. "Yes."

"I can take possession of this room here," and Blaine pointed to the inner apartment. "The door can be kept closed, and no one except your room-mate will think that there is any one here. I suppose Chocolate occupies the room with you?"

Mary nodded assent. "I judged so from what I overheard of the conversation between you two. There is no need, you know, to tell the girl the exact truth about the matter," he said, thoughtfully. "She is not at home at all in the daytime," Mary said; "she works down town—goes away in the morning and does not get home till night."

"That is good. She thinks that I am your lover, I believe?" "Yes."

"Well, let her keep in that idea," Blaine remarked, reflectively; "I look too young to pass for your father, if by accident she should happen to catch a glimpse at me; and I am sure that she would not believe that I am your brother. The only bother is the reason for my remaining concealed here, for she is too sharp not to suspect something, unless you give her a reasonable explanation. I have an idea!" he exclaimed, after a moment's thought; "you can tell her I was concerned in the disturbance down in New Orleans, and am afraid of an arrest by the military authorities. That will not seem like a crime to her."

And the escaped convict laughed as lightly as though a human bloodhound was not tracking his steps with relentless hate. (To be continued—commenced in No. 167.)

The Broken Ring.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

"CAPTAIN WILDE is a gentleman, and I will not listen longer to any thing you may choose to say to the contrary." The blue eyes, usually dancing with mischief and merriment, flashed a little angry glance at Charley Harper, and Nellie Noyes turned away as if to enter the house.

"Stay, Nellie!" pleaded Charley. "Captain Wilde is a bad man, and I doubt very much whether he is entitled to the rank he assumes. At least, allow me to prove to you the truth of what I have said. I do not ask for your love again. You have imagined that dashing, handsome villain more worthy his possession than me. I don't want him to wrong you!"

"Captain Wilde is a gentleman, and is entitled to the rank he lays claim to, and his crippled limb would be sufficient proof of the same to one not blinded by prejudice and envy. Good-afternoon, Mr. Harper."

They parted thus. It was their first quarrel. For nearly a year they had been betrothed, and had not Captain Wilde come between them, with his dashing ways and bad, handsome face, they would have lived happily on in the old way. He came from the city, and was supposed to be wealthy; but, whether or not such was really the case, could only be seen by the lavish way in which he expended his money, of which he evidently had an unfailing supply. He was witty and accomplished, and with his halting step and pallid, almost melancholy face, he was the very man, above all others, to interest a romantic little dame like our heroine; and Nellie had passed but a little time in his society before, almost unconsciously to herself, she began to draw mental contrasts between him and Charley Harper, her faithful and true-hearted, though less elegant lover, not particularly complimentary to the latter.

That night, as Nellie stood by the old gate at the rear of the garden, she heard the sound of footsteps, and a moment later Captain Wilde stood beside her, his arm encircling her waist and his stately head bowed as he imprinted a passionate kiss on her lips. He raised her soft little hand, and while it nestled tremulously in his own, slipped a slender circlet of gold on her finger.

A curious, costly ornament was this betrothal ring of Captain Wilde's. It was a magnificent diamond. She drew it from her finger, and held it where the subdued light of the waning moon fell upon the sparkling jewel, and on the inner surface of the golden band she saw a curious monogram, formed of the letters M and W.

"My mother's initials," the captain said, carelessly. "How beautiful!" Nellie exclaimed, enthusiastically. "The toy is very pretty, darling," was the soft rejoinder. "Business of the most vital importance renders it necessary that I should go to the city to-morrow, to be absent a month at least. Have you not some token, some keepsake, that I may have to cherish for your own dear sake when I am far away?"

A little locket containing her portrait was suspended from her neck by a slender, elegantly wrought golden chain. She unclasped it and placed it in his hand.

He kissed her again and went away, triumphing in his wicked heart over his easily achieved conquest. "He would write to her while he was away, and one day a letter was placed in her hand. Her heart beat faster for a moment; but her glance at the large, coarse envelope and straggling, almost illegible cursive told her that it could not be from Captain Wilde. It was very brief, and written in the same irregular style as the superscription. Nellie deciphered it after a few moments' study.

"DEAR NELLIE:—My house was entered last night by a burglar, who shot me through the shoulder; and I am suffering greatly from the wound. Come to me immediately if you can, for I am all alone with the exception of a young girl who helps me about my housework."

"Your affectionate aunt, 'JANET BROWN.'"

Thus it was that the letter read, and, in obedience to the request it conveyed, Nellie found herself seated in a railway carriage the following morning, going as rapidly as steam could carry her to her aunt Janet, whom she had not seen since she was a child.

The cars were crowded, and Nellie had to share her seat with a portly, plainly-dressed man of middle age, whose jolly face and twinkling gray eyes bespoke a jovial, good-natured temperament. He accosted her with a good-humored smile, and they chatted awhile, as passengers will, of the weather, the magazines and kindred topics, until he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and became so entirely engrossed in the printed sheet as to be utterly oblivious of things passing around him.

The hot atmosphere of the densely crowded car became so oppressive that Nellie tried to raise the window. It was immovable, and she turned toward her traveling companion. But he read on without heeding her unspoken appeal, and, disliking to disturb him, she again attempted the task unaided. Nellie succeeded at last, but the spring was broken, and the heavy frame fell with crushing force on the fingers of her left hand; and she gave utterance to a stifled cry, that awakened the jolly-faced traveler from a deep slumber, into which he had been lulled by the sultry air and the easy, monotonous motion of the train.

"Pardon me," he said. "I rode all last night. But you have met with an accident. Are you much hurt?" "My hand is bruised," she replied; "and her pale face showed how great was the pain she suffered."

She drew off her glove, and as she did so something fell from it, jingling down on the floor at her feet. It was Captain Wilde's betrothal ring. Nellie's new friend picked it up in two pieces. It had been broken by the falling window, and the deep, cruel imprint was plainly visible on its wearer's finger.

An old lady at the other side of the car volunteered to bind up Nellie's hand in her handkerchief.

While this was being done, the man, now wide awake, was staring at the broken ring in an amazed sort of way, his twinkling, little gray eyes glistening with a shrewd triumph.

"Found!" he whispered, almost below his breath. "Found after two months' diligent search. I can not be mistaken. It is Marion Wayne's ring; but how came it in the possession of this young lady? That is a secret I have yet to discover."

Thinking the old lady for her kindness, Nellie turned toward the stranger, and met his keen eyes fixed on her face, as if he meant to read her very thoughts. It was not a common stare of curiosity or impudence, but a sharp, searching look, which was withdrawn in an instant, and the man said, cheerily: "You look pale. Do you feel better?"

"Much better now, but—Oh, I have lost my ring!" "Here it is; but it is broken," he said, as he dropped it in her little hand, eagerly outstretched to receive it. "It is curiously wrought, and, I should judge, very valuable. I have never seen but one like it. Where did you get it, if you do not think me impertinent?"

"It is a present from a very dear friend."

"From a very dear friend?" he said, repeating her words after her. "Yes," she replied. "Is there any thing very strange in that?"

Paying no heed to her question, he went on: "Will you tell me the name of the friend who gave you that ring? Your brother, perhaps?"

"No; it was not my brother. I have no brother, and do not see how it can concern you, and I decline to answer." Again repeating her words.

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a little more spirit than was necessary, as she put the broken ring safely away in her portmanteau. "I hope you will pardon me. Perhaps I was intrusive."

The inquisitive stranger relapsed into silence, and was soon apparently as far gone into dream-land as before; but he was not sleeping. His busy mind was reviewing all the revolting details of a crime that had been committed in a distant city—the city to which he was now going—two months before. Since then, this man, keen of scent and untiring as a sleuth-hound, had been searching far and wide for the perpetrator of that crime, and now he thought he had discovered a clue.

Nellie arrived at her destination late in the afternoon, and found her aunt Janet looking very wan and tired, as she lay back among the pillows, with her wounded shoulder neatly bandaged in soft white cloths. She told her that she had been awakened the night of the burglary by sounds as of some one stepping stealthily about the next room. She was not a timid woman, and though alone in the house, save for the girl whom she had mentioned in her letter to Nellie, she arose and opened the door communicating with the adjoining apartment. The burglar was in the act of opening a casket in which she always kept all papers of value and what money she might chance to have on hand, and was interrupted by the sharp click of the door-latch. Turning suddenly, he saw her, and, taking quick aim, fired at her, a pistol-ball passing her shoulder, as he ran across the room and leaped through an open window. She reeled and fell, and the man made his escape. The girl was aroused by the report, and coming to her assistance, found Miss Brown in a dead faint on the floor. When asked to describe the man, she said that he was lame and wore dark clothes. She did not think she would know his face if she saw it again. Her attorney, Mr. Dugoinne, had telegraphed to New York for a noted detective named Hart Cuffton, who was expected that night.

The lawyer came that evening, bringing the man-hunter with him; and great was Nellie's astonishment, when Cuffton was presented to her, at recognizing the man who had shared her seat that afternoon in the crowded railway carriage!

"To-day," said he, when the salutations were over, "you refused to tell me who gave you your diamond ring. Will you tell me now to whom you gave this?"

As the detective spoke, he drew a small gold locket from his bosom and placed it in Nellie's hand. It was the same she had given Captain Wilde that night, a month before, out by the garden gate. She flushed hotly, as she said: "To Captain Wilde, my betrothed husband; but how did it come in your possession?"

"It was found outside, under the window," replied Cuffton, "where Captain Wilde, or John Munson—for that is his real name—dropped it as he escaped from the house, after shooting your aunt. Did he give you the ring?"

"Yes," faltered Nellie, too much frightened to say more. "Yes—Captain Wilde gave it to me."

"I hope you don't care much for him," said the lawyer; "for he is a villain of the worst character."

"But I do care for him! I care a great deal for him!" said Nellie, hesitatingly. "I have promised to become his wife. Surely there is some dreadful mistake!"

"There is no Captain Wilde!" repeated the detective. "There is a John Munson, and John Munson is a villain, and has a wife already! I will tell you where he got that ring! He stole it from the finger of a dead woman as she lay in her coffin, the night before her burial!"

Nellie recoiled in horror and would have spoken, but not Cuffton checked her with a wave of the hand; as he went on with his ghastly story: "Reginald Wayne is a wealthy merchant of this city. All will remember the death of his daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Marion, two months ago. There are many who will remember, also, that the house of the be-reaved merchant was entered and robbed of plate and articles of jewelry—the amount of several thousand dollars on the night before the funeral of the dead heiress. Not content with pillaging the house, the robber, in his fiendish lust for gold, took that ring from the

hand of the corpse. But he did not escape unseen. Charles Harper, a cousin of the dead girl, aroused from his sleep by a noise made by the burglar, entered the room just in time to put a pistol-ball through the ruffian's leg as he disappeared through the door. He was assisted away by accomplices; and has ever since walked with a peculiar hobbling gait. For two months I have been constantly searching for him; but in vain, until to-night, when I discovered him in this place, the scene of his crime, and caused his arrest. He is now in the city prison; and, having made a confession, I doubt if he sees the outside of stone walls for fifteen years."

"Is it true?" asked Nellie, when he had finished. "Is it all true, or have I been dreaming?" "Only too true," said the lawyer, sympathetically.

"Then here is Marion Wayne's ring," she said, calmly. "I never want to see it again!" She laid the broken ring on the table, close by Hart Cuffton's hand, and, without another word, swept out of the room.

It was a still, beautiful summer evening, and there was not a sound save the rustling of the green leaves overhead, and Nellie's hysterical sobs as she crouched down by the great gnarled apple tree out by the garden gate, weeping bitterly.

"He told me so; but I would not heed his warning. He said that dashing, handsome man, with his serpent tongue and fascinating ways, was a villain; but I scorned his love and despised his warning! Oh, Charley!"

There was a quick, eager step behind her. "Nellie!" "Oh, Charley!" "Nellie! My own darling Nellie once more!"

And Charley's strong arms lifted her from her crouching posture, and something fell on her lips once—twice—thrice—something very like three kisses.

"Yes, Charley," she said, softly, "yours, if you will take me back again!"

One day there came to the prison a wan-looking little woman, with hollow cheeks and great sorrowful black eyes, wishing to see John Munson, who had been sentenced to solitary confinement for ten years.

"I am his wife," she said, and they let her pass. An hour—two—three hours passed, and she did not come out. Entering the convict's cell, they found them both dead!

An empty vial labeled "Poison" told the rest.

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE BALL. THERE is a growing feeling of gratification among the amateurs in the metropolis—the home and birthplace of the present national game of base-ball—that with the closing of the only professional ball-field now left in the vicinity of New York, viz., the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, professional ball-playing, with its pool-selling and gambling influences, will become a thing of the past. When this event takes place then will the old era of amateur playing end in again. There are dozens of clubs waiting for the good time coming ready to resume their places in the field the very first season they can do so without being considered as ranking among the clubs who have cared only for the game as a means of making money out of it. The only amateur club which still keep in play and still retain the recreative features of the old-time organizations is the Knickerbocker Club, of New York, who, on their private and inclosed ball-field at Hoboken, enjoy their practice games, as of old, every Tuesday and Friday afternoons. This club recently enjoyed a friendly contest with the Arlingtons on the old Union ball-field at Melrose, the "Knicks" winning by 26 to 25 only. This club and the Staten Island Base-Ball Association are the only two clubs that have a regular ball-field of their own.

The contests in the professional arena for the United States championship have progressed rapidly during the past two months. During April, nine games were played. In May the number had been increased to thirty-three, and June contributed no less than forty-two games, making a total for the first third of the season of eighty-four games.

THE RECORD FOR JUNE. The following is the record of championship contests played during June:

June 2, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....	6	0
June 2, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Baltimore.....	12	1
June 3, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	6	5
June 4, Boston vs. Resolute, at Waverly.....	13	5
June 5, Resolute vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....	22	8
June 5, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	22	8
June 6, Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	17	11
June 7, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	22	19
June 7, Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	28	10
June 7, Athletic vs. Resolute, at Philadelphia.....	14	4
June 8, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....	8	7
June 8, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	22	8
June 9, Baltimore vs. Boston, at Baltimore.....	14	6
June 10, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	8	7
June 11, Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7	5
June 11, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	7	5
June 12, Boston vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	14	4
June 12, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia.....	10	8
June 13, Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	11	8
June 14, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.....	3	0
June 14, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia.....	16	9
June 15, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington.....	23	8
June 17, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Boston.....	11	6
June 17, Baltimore vs. Resolute, at Baltimore.....	16	4
June 18, Atlantic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	13	4
June 18, Washington vs. Resolute, at Washington.....	7	5
June 19, Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore.....	10	2
June 19, Philadelphia vs. Resolute, at Philadelphia.....	11	2
June 20, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	6	7
June 20, Athletic vs. Washington, at Washington.....	19	18
June 21, Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore.....	18	5
June 21, Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	9	1
June 23, Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	13	8
June 24, Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Washington.....	23	8
June 25, Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	9	4
June 27, Baltimore vs. Maryland, at Baltimore.....	29	0
June 28, Atlantic vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	20	0
June 30, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	27	17
June 30, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston.....	27	6
June 30, Baltimore vs. Maryland, at Baltimore.....	35	1

The record of games played, won and lost in the championship arena up to the close of June is as follows:

Club.	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Philadelphia.....	25	8	17
Boston.....	20	14	6
Athletic.....	19	13	7
Baltimore.....	20	12	8
Atlantic.....	19	7	12
Mutual.....	21	5	16
Washington.....	19	4	15
Resolute.....	15	1	14
Maryland.....	4	0	4

The close of the first third of the season sees quite a reduction in the number of clubs occupying a leading position in the great race for the pennant, for of the nine clubs which entered the arena in the latter part of April, but four occupy any thing like a winning position, and six have the slightest chance of being within distance of the winning post by the close of October. The entries for the great race for the championship of the United States and the colors were as follows: Athletic, of Philadelphia, the "Red Stockings;" Atlantic, of Brooklyn, the "Magenta;" Baltimore, of Baltimore, the "Blue Stockings;" Boston, of Boston,

the "Red Stockings;" Philadelphia, of Philadelphia, the "White Stockings;" Resolute, of Elizabeth, the "Jersey Nine;" Washington, of Washington, "Young's Nine;" and Maryland, of Baltimore, "Smith's Nine."

Play was opened April 14th by the Washington and Maryland nines, at Baltimore, the latter winning easily. The Baltimore nine afterward defeated the Washingtons. On April 21st the Philadelphia opened their campaign by defeating the Athletics, and followed it up with a victory over the Boston, and the lead there obtained has been handsomely maintained thus far. Nine championship games were played in April, with an average score of sixteen runs to a match for the winning nines. In May thirty-three championship games were played, with the result of the reduction of the average from sixteen to nine, thus showing superior play in the field. During June forty-two games have been played, with an average of ten runs to a match for the winning nines, being a falling off in the fielding of one run to a match, this being caused by the use of a more elastic ball.

The struggle now is between the White Stockings, of Philadelphia, and the "Reds," of Boston, these being the two leading nines in the arena. Thus far their record has been as follows:

April 23, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston.....	8	5
June 5, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	22	8
June 17, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston.....	6	11
.....	35	24

The feature of the June contests was the victory of the Athletics over the Boston, in Boston, on June 14th, when the Philadelphia won by the appended score. The playing of the Athletics was hardly open to the slightest criticism, their errors, only two in number, not materially affecting the game. The playing of the Boston, too, was up to their standard of the present season, though, perhaps, a trifle below the standard of their last fortnight's playing. The striking was inferior on the part of both nines, the total of eight base hits being remarkable in the case of eighteen strikers of no mean average. In the second inning, Fisher earned his base, and was sent to third by a safe hit of Sutton, where he should have been stopped, but O'Rourke fumbled the ball, and a run was the consequence. Clapp then hit George Wright, who first fumbled it, and then threw it over Manning's head, giving the Athletics another run. In the seventh inning Fisher got in a safe hit, took second on a passed ball by White, went to third on Manning's wild throw to Barnes, and crossed the home-plate as the next man went out. The umpiring of Mr. Bomeisler was generally good, and in the only instance of palpable error of judgment neither party was ultimately benefited.

ATHLETIC.	R.	B.	E.	T.	P.	A.
McGeary, s. s.	0	0	0	0	0	4
McBride, p.	0	1	0	0	0	1
Anson, 1st b.	0	12	0	0	0	2
Fisher, 2d b.	1	2	3	0	0	3
Fisher, r. f.	1	3	0	0	0	2
Sutton, 3d b.	1	1	0	0	0	0
Clapp, c.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Reach, f.	0	1	0	0	0	0
McMullin, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	1
INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	6
Athletic.....	0	2	0	0	0	1
Boston.....	0	0	0	0	0	0

Runs Earned—Athletic, 0; Boston, 0. First Base on Errors—Athletic, 2; Boston, 2. Total Fielding Errors—Athletic: Anson, 1; Sutton, 1. Boston: G. Wright, 5; Leonard, 1; White, 2; O'Rourke, 1; Manning, 1-7. Passed balls—White, 1. Umpire—Mr. Bomeisler, of Newark, N. J. Time of Game—1:40.

TO ADVERTISERS.
A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.
The Pawnee King!
FRONTIER SHACK, TRAPPER;
OR,
The Young White-Buffer Hunters.
(STAR NOVEL, No. 122.)
For sale by all newsdealers, or sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS.
FRANK STARR & CO., PUBLISHERS.
41 Platt Street, N. Y.

GLASS CARDS.
Red, Blue and Green, Transparent and beautiful. Your name handsomely printed in Gold on 1 dozen, for 50 cts. post-paid, 3 dozen \$1. Must have Agents everywhere; outfit 25 cts. F. K. SMITH, Bangor, Me. Write to-day! Mention this paper. 177-24 e. o. w.

VOID QUACERS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 75 Nassau street, New York. 177-131. l.

\$72.00 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo. 175-4. *

TO THE LADIES. A 32-page book containing answers to questions of great importance. Sent free for ten cents. Address MRS. H. METZGER, Hanover, Pa. 163 295. A

FOR "SPRING FASHIONS" and samples of new goods, send 25 cents and your address to MRS. EMILY V. BATTY, care of SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL, 98 William Street, New York City. 130-41.

MICROSCOPIC OPERA GLASSES. 25 cents each, or \$1.00 a dozen, post-paid. Trade supplied. Address, B. Fox & Co.,

FLY-TIME.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

The melancholy days have come,
The meanest of the year,
When buzzings all about the house
Proclaim the flies are here,
And weakly human nature has
A tendency to sneeze.

To flies the lachrymose always out,
They bring their baggage, too,
They come to spend the summer here,
A speculating crew,
And ah, the meanest thing to boot
Is they will never "snooze."

The fly is never prone to fly
As the flea is prone to fly,
The fly will never seek the flea
Or to low quarters fly.
One of the few immortal pests
That was not born to die.

They cluster round your choicest wine,
Perch on your goblet's rim,
While half a dozen of them plunge
Into it for a swim,
Neglecting to hang up their clothes
Upon a hickory limb.

You take an after-dinner nap
And in your face they crawl,
They dare a horrid poke on your nose,
And in your ear they squall,
And yet to try to speak them
Is no use at all!

You try to write your love a line
Upon a postcard,
(Since love is dear, and postage cheap
A cent's worth of regard),
But flies more fast than fancy comes,
Your vows you disregard.

They take the place of raisins in
Your very choicest cake,
They greet you as the sun is up
Your morning nap to break,
And naught like peace and pleasantness
Can follow in their wake.

Oh, boy, to whom the story-books
Have done injustice long,
For pulling arms and legs of flies,
I assure you were not wrong,
And think you had a master mind,
And well deserve a song!

Strange Stories.

THE LUCK OF MUNCASTER.

A LEGEND OF MERIE ENGLAND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

The castle of Lord Lowther frowned down upon the Esk's broad tide; and by the castle was the far-famed well of Lowther. A holy monk of great renown had blessed the limpid waters in days long gone by, when Lowther's lord had fallen by the payn's hand on the plains of Palestine, fighting for the Blessed Cross. No water in all broad Cumberland had water so bright and clear.

By the well, in the clear twilight, stood Margaret of Lonsdale, proud Lowther's daughter, the prettiest maid for many a broad mile around. Brown as hazel nuts her eyes and hair; the lily and the rose blended in her cheeks. And by the side of the maid stood William, lord of Liddesdale, a border chieftain born before the Tweed, but, for reckless word and hasty blow, he was an outlaw from his native land, and drew his sword for the red cross of England instead of the thistle of Scotland.

A man of hasty deeds was the dark lord of Liddesdale, uncertain friend and cruel enemy. The charger of the knight stood near at hand. Liddesdale had just dismounted and surprised the maiden wrapped in deep reflection by the side of the crystal well.

"Welcome, Lord William," she said, with courtly grace; "whence come you?"

"From merrie Carlisle," he answered, pointing to where the far distant towers of the English castle kept watch and ward over the Scottish border. "I have just come from the lance of Lowther, and from the donjon towers of Carlisle we keep good watch that Scottish Douglas does not surprise us with his border warriors."

"And who commands at Carlisle Castle?" the maiden asked, and as she put the question, a conscious blush stole over her face.

"Sir John, of Pennington, lord of Muncaster," the knight answered, and his brows grew darker as he watched the lady's face. Full well he knew that passing rumor had whispered that gallant young Sir John was the favored squire of Lowther's daughter, and the thought was as bitter gall to the renegade knight, for, too, sought to win the love of the flower of Cumberland.

On bended knee and with earnest word he told his passion and besought the lady fair and bright to smile approval on his suit.

"I may not, Sir William," she answered, slowly, and with many a blush, "for I am the pledged wife of the Muncaster's lord."

Quickly to his feet sprang the dark-browed Scot, and the angry words that came from his lips told of the story of the lord of Pennington.

But the lady only smiled.

"Sorrow and dire mischance ne'er to Pennington's heir can come, till the blessed cup, which once in the Holy Sepulcher did rest, the Luck of Muncaster, is shattered and broken. The Douglas, proud with all the flower of Scotland's knights, may circle round the towers of merrie Carlisle, but the towers they ne'er will win while Sir John commands the English force and the charmed cup is safe from harm." Thus spoke fair Margaret.

Much the Scot marvelled to hear, and with a lowering brow, he besought the lady to relate the story of the Luck of Muncaster.

Brief was the tale, and soon she told it.

Hapless Henry, the sixth of that name, flying from the bloody field of Tontown, where stout Warwick, "the king-maker," as men termed him, had trampled to the earth the white rose of Lancaster, and planted the red one in a kindly crown, had sought and received concealment in Muncaster Castle. For the boon he had bestowed on Pennington's lord a curiously wrought glass cup, all studded o'er with golden spots, and pronounced the charm: "In Muncaster Castle good luck shall be till the charmed cup is broken."

For a hundred years the charm had held. No lord of Pennington had ever been vanquished on the stricken field, or heard the cruel answer, "no," coming from a fair maiden's lips.

"And this is the Luck of Muncaster?" the Scot cried, as he vaulted him to the saddle. "I'll wager all that I have on earth that it will not last another hundred years." And then away he rode, straight for Carlisle towers.

"Now rouse ye, Pennington!" he said, as he drew rein at Carlisle's gates. "Douglas, with a mighty force of Scottish spears, is swooping down straight for the tower of Muncaster; a thousand spears he leads; either gather up thy knights to give him battle or dispatch some trusty messenger to remove thy prized treasure."

Then gay Sir John drew the false Scot to one side.

"Small treasure have I in my ancestral hall," he said; "but one small jewel in an oak case I prize. Take this key; it opens the chest where it is hid. Direct my steward to make no resistance to stern Douglas; for the tower can not be held against his force, and I would not peril the life of my faithful servants for naught."

And thou bring the oaken chest to me, and I will hold thee as a dear friend forever."

And ere the bat had winged his second flight across the sable curtain of the night, the dark-browed lord of Liddesdale had done the message of the gay Sir John.

And when the moon peeped out, its rays fell full upon the dark figure of the mail-clad Scot, riding toward Carlisle town, the oaken chest which contained the blessed cup, the "Luck of Muncaster," clasped beneath his arm.

As the midnight bell rung clear on the air, he halted before the gates of merrie Carlisle.

Along the northern skies the flames of the lucid watch-fires shone bright. From every hill-top tall the beacon fire told of the advance of stern Earl Douglas and the Scottish power.

"Now by my lady's lips, I swear thou art the truest friend that ever warrior had!" gay Sir John cried in glee, as watching alone before the castle gates, he looked upon dark Liddesdale's face.

"Swear not by the lips of her you love, for you ne'er shall touch them more!" cried the fiery Scot, in savage triumph high. "Douglas rides not 'gainst Muncaster tower, but straight for merrie Carlisle. See, I hold in my hands the precious charm that binds good luck to thee and thine! Thus I dash it down to earth. Douglas shall win Carlisle's town, and I the Lady Margaret!"

With a sudden shock the oaken casket came to the ground, straight before Pennington's feet.

"Lie there!" the traitor cried; "proud Muncaster's charm is broken!"

His spurs to his horse he put and dashed down the slope, while gay Sir John sunk low beside the ruined charm.

Into the castle his trusty followers carried both the knight and the oaken casket. They reck little that the charm had fled, and the Luck of Muncaster was gone forever.

With the daylight came the Scottish lances a thousand strong, commanded by James, Douglas' stern earl, and in the foremost rank, guiding the march, rode William of Liddesdale.

Gay Sir John no longer was worthy of that title; he fought as fights a man around whose neck the halter twines.

Vain was the struggle; foot by foot, the Scots won the town, and before the sun sunk, they held the key to England—merrie Carlisle.

The citadel alone held out, but a dangerous breach was in the wall, and already the Scots were swarming to the attack.

In vain desperation Sir John seized the oaken casket; he meant to fling it in among the foe, and following it, find a soldier's death.

"Oh, miracle! the lid came open in his hand, and there, unharmed, lay the crystal cup, that a traitor's malice had not even dented.

And even as he gazed upon the cup, the war-cry of England and Percy rose on the air. Help had come! two thousand horse and foot, veteran soldiers, Earl Percy led to the rescue.

A cloth-yard shaft, tipped with a gray-goose feather pierced dark Liddesdale through and through, and Douglas stout retreated in sore haste.

Gay Sir John wedded the Lady Margaret, for Muncaster's Luck was constant still, and the crystal charm had ne'er been broken.

A Work of Grace.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

"You're going to church this morning, aren't you?" asked Ned Carr, as his cousin from the city came in from a walk in the pleasant Sunday quiet which wrapped the country in.

"Of course," answered Clark Maynard. "I'm bound to play propriety this summer, if I'm to stay here, and I suppose it wouldn't be proper to stay away from church. But I don't anticipate much benefit from the sermon, though. I have a very vivid recollection of Elder Green's sixtieths and seventieths, and drawing words. I always used to get sleepy when I listened to him, and I don't suppose the old gentleman has improved much since."

"Oh, we have a new minister!" said Ned. "Pison Green," as they used to call him, gave up preaching some years ago, on account of his poor health, and the Rev. Mr. Hayford was engaged to fill his place. A very different man from Elder Green. I assure you, and he has one of the prettiest daughters that a minister ever had. Blue eyes, yellow hair, red cheeks—oh! I can't begin to describe her to you. You must go to church for the sake of seeing her, if nothing more."

"I'm ready to be interested in all the pretty girls," answered Clark. "I always had an idea that if I ever got to be one of the candidates for heaven, a pretty girl must convert me."

"What you need is a work of grace," said Ned, laughing. "Miss Hayford's name is Grace. If she could get at your heart, you'd shortly 'meet with a change.'"

"A work of grace shed abroad in the heart," quoted Clark. "I can remember hearing some one use those words at a prayer-meeting that summer I stayed here."

They strolled off across the green fields to the church. A group of young people were chatting on the steps. Clark looked about for some one who answered to Ned's description of the minister's daughter, but failed to find her.

They went in presently. Just as they were seated, an elderly maiden with keen eyes, and a very prim appearance generally, passed their pew, followed by a young lady in white, with a profusion of yellow hair falling over her shoulders.

"Miss Hayford," whispered Ned. "The old lady is her aunt. She keeps house for them. Mrs. Hayford is dead."

Clark watched the young lady. By-and-by she turned her head and he caught a glimpse of her face. It was really beautiful, with dainty curves in it, and full of a soft, delicate color. Her eyes were blue, and full of clear lights, which could easily deepen into smiles.

"Isn't she lovely?" whispered Ned.

"Very," answered Clark. "You must manage to introduce me."

I am very much afraid that Clark's mind was not on the sermon as much as it ought to have been. His eyes were continually straying off toward the pew where the girl with the yellow hair was sitting.

"I wouldn't object to being converted by her," thought he.

At last services were over. Clark kept close to Ned, and on the church steps, by the luckiest chance in the world, he met the young lady and was introduced to her.

If he had admired her before, he fell in love with her on getting acquainted. He found it very easy to get on friendly terms with her, and the little chat on the church steps made them very good friends indeed, considering the few minutes they had known each other.

Clark thought of nothing but Grace Hayford all the afternoon, and announced his intention to attend church that evening.

"You'll excuse me, I suppose," said Ned. "I've business another way, so I can't accompany you."

"Of course," answered Clark. "I shall probably see you and her at church."

Ned laughed, and Clark set off by himself, sauntering slowly along the cool and pleasant highway. It might have been by chance, and it might not, but the road he selected led him by the parsonage, and a party of three persons came down the path and into the road as he came up.

"Good-evening, Mr. Maynard," said the soft voice of the minister's daughter, setting his heart in a flutter by its music. "Allow me to introduce you to my father, and my aunt, Miss Powers."

Clark shook hands with the minister and the maiden aunt, and the party walked slowly churchward. It was pleasant walk, but he could have enjoyed it more if there had been no one but the minister's daughter and himself.

"Are you a member of any church?" asked Miss Powers.

"I regret to say I am not," answered Clark.

"I am sorry," said Miss Powers. "In this day and age of the world a young man needs the influence of divine grace in his heart."

"I am aware of that," answered Clark, looking into the eyes of what seemed "divine Grace" to him. She looked up, met his glance, and blushed such a delightful color that Clark admired her more than ever.

"I am going to deliver a sermon on grace to-night," said the minister; "I hope it may contain some hints and suggestions which will help you to secure this grace which you acknowledge yourself to stand in need of."

"I hope so," fervently answered Clark; and again his eyes and those of the young girl met, and the swift flush came to her cheek, and she turned her face away in a shy confusion.

It seemed to Clark that every thing kept urging him on to secure grace that evening. The first hymn began:

"Oh, God! to thee of grace I sing;

Accept a servant's vows;
Thy grace, oh, give him, heavenly King,
To keep and rule his house!"

And then, after prayer, the minister read another one, beginning:

"Grace! 'tis a charming theme!"

and the closing hymn, which was sung by the congregation, and in which Clark joined with commendable fervor, especially in the last verse, ended in this way:

"Thy wisdom give me, oh, my God,
To wisely fill my place,
To keep and rule his house,
Oh, give, oh, give me grace."

Sometimes he thought he should have to laugh, but a sense of the "importance of the subject" restrained him.

When services were over he waited at the door until the grace for which such an ardent desire had sprung up in his heart, made her appearance. There were some low-spoken words, and then he walked off with her on his arm, feeling happy to know that he had temporary possession of the grace which he felt he needed.

"To keep and rule his house!"

After that he called often at the parsonage. The only drawback to the enjoyment which he visited there always gave him, was Miss Powers. She seemed to have become impressed with the idea that it was her duty to convert him, and whenever she could she quoted her private religious authors to him, and gave him books to read, in which passages were marked. She was eminently a good woman, Clark hadn't a doubt, but she was terribly in the way sometimes. He was as anxious to secure grace as she was to have him, but she always happened in at the most inopportune moments, and after a month had gone by, he wasn't sure whether he could have grace "to keep and rule his house" or not.

One night he made up his mind, as he went to the parsonage steps, to find out.

Grace—the Grace he was after—was in the parlor.

She gave him one of her shy, sweet blushes, and then they sat down in the half-twilight, and there Clark told his story, and had a very low, sweet answer, and was referred to the minister for further instructions.

"Where is your father?" asked Clark, jubilant with happiness; "I must see him and talk with him. I want this matter entirely settled, you know, and all we want now is his consent."

And thereupon he kissed the minister's daughter several times, and she returned "the same with usury."

Just at that moment Miss Powers came in.

"Oh, aunt Harriet," cried Grace, "do you know where father is? Mr. Maynard is here; he wishes to see him."

"I think he is in his study," answered Miss Powers; "run up and see."

"I really hope you want to talk with my brother-in-law about the welfare of your soul," said Miss Powers, solemnly. "I have taken quite an interest in you, and would like to feel assured that there has been a work of grace shed abroad in your heart."

"There has," said Clark, with great assurance. "I wish to see your brother about it."

"Do you feel that your heart is changed?" questioned Miss Powers; "that divine grace has taken away your old heart and given you a new one?"

"Yes, I do," answered Clark; "you have explained it exactly; it has all been done by grace," he added, with a struggle to keep down his risibilities.

Just then steps were heard in the hall; Miss Powers slipped out of the room; she met her brother-in-law at the door.

"Mr. Maynard tells me he's met with a change," she whispered; "he thinks he's got a new heart. I'm very glad, for I've tried to do my duty by him, as a fellow-creature, and with a sigh of satisfaction she allowed the minister to pass into the room.

The reverend gentleman greeted his visitor warmly, and a little disengaged conversation ensued, which was followed by a little silence.

"My sister-in-law tells me you have met with a change," said the minister, by and by. "I am truly glad to hear it. Can I be of any assistance to you, my dear young friend?"

"I want Grace," said Clark, resolved to have the matter done with as soon as possible. "If you are willing, I should be pleased to have you say so."

"It isn't for me to say any thing about it," said the minister, in some surprise. "Grace comes from the divine hand. Of course, I am anxious for you to have it, but the matter of your obtaining it doesn't rest with me; that depends upon yourself. Ask and ye shall receive."

"You're talking about one kind of grace, while I mean another," cried Clark; "I mean your daughter; may I have her?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the rather bewildered minister, light dawning upon his mind; "I thought, and so did Harriet, that you meant a very different kind of grace. So it's my Grace you want, is it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Clark; "she is willing; it all rests with you."

"I don't know as I have any objections, if she hasn't," said the minister.

And so Clark Maynard gained "Grace," who had "shed abroad" such a "work in his heart." She "keeps and rules his house," and he hasn't regretted that he took the minister's advice and "sought after grace diligently until he obtained possession."

Tales of the Foothills.

THE UNLUCKY PARTNER.

BY W. J. HAMILTON.

"THERE is no danger possible," said Gentleman Ned, the miner, as he sat with his chums near the blazing fire, "which a man will not dare who is a gold-seeker. If it were not so, how is it that so many of us risk our lives, year after year, in the same quest, danger from Indians, grizzlies, land-slides and road-agents, which we might shun by a quiet life in ranches or in the cities? People with such an education as I have, make more money each year, in the common pursuits of everyday life, than I have made or ever shall make here. Then, why am I here?"

"Because you've got the gold-fever, and you've got it bad," replied Tom Eagle, laughing. "That's what's the matter."

Gentleman Ned, a handsome, stalwart young fellow, and a perfect mountain Hercules, returned his companion's laugh, and continued:

"Now, I'll give you a yarn, if you like to hear it. Buck Conners, get down to leeward. I never can stand it when you get between the wind and my nobility. The tobacco you smoke would turn the stomach of a Pejee Cannibal. Tom Burke, take your elbow out of my ribs, for they can't stand the strain. Light up, boys! I can always talk best when I am under a cloud."

We all assumed comfortable positions, and Ned began:

"It was my second year in the mines, '53 I think, and I was mining in the foothills back of Oregon Gulch. I had been in hard luck all through the season, and when the dry weather came, and there was no water to run sluices, I had just money enough to buy a mule and three months' provisions, and with these I started out prospecting. My partner was Jerry Fralick—Jerry is ranching on the Yuba now, and doing well—as unlucky a miner as ever turned dirt. He had just about as much money as I, and when we started out, we looked so ragged and forlorn that the boys told us to look out or the turkey buzzards would think we were carrion and go for us. I was too mad for fun, and I cursed them up and down hill, and swore that we would not come back until we had dust enough to buy up the entire diggings. They only laughed the more, and a gulch, ten miles from camp. It was a likely place, and we tried the pans a little while before supper, but could not strike the color, and when we were crouching over the fire at night, I had to begin on Jerry."

"I know what the matter is, I said. 'I shall have no luck while I have a partner who is so cursed unlucky that gold will hide from him like a Digger Indian from a War Apache.'"

"I know I'm unlucky," Ned said, Jerry, mildly, "and I almost wish I had not come out at all, if it is going to spoil your chances."

"I was mad enough to be a fool, and I kept on grumbling, as if the poor fellow was responsible for his luck, and I could see that his face took on a sad look as I talked. He was very much attached to me, and that, more than anything else, was the reason why he had stuck to me so long, for in the first years of my mining I was a hard fellow to get along with—that I am willing to allow—on account of my grumbling. But, he stood it so long and thought he might worry through another year. I was too mad to see that I was going too far, and went to sleep grumbling."

"Next day we were afoot early, traveled about twenty miles, and then made a camp and got out the pans again. But, it was no use; we never raised the color. I was more abusive than ever that night; and, at last, even Jerry could not stand it."

"See here, Ned," he said, at last; 'you've no call to be so uppish about my luck. I can't stand this grumbling forever.'"

"You deserve it, and more," I said. "A man whose ill-luck follows not only himself but every one who has any thing to do with him, is not the man for me."

"Very well, Ned," he said. 'Perhaps you won't be troubled with me much longer.'"

"I didn't say much more, for it had got through my thick head that Jerry would stand no more. I went to sleep, and when I awoke in the morning only one mule was cropping the short grass. In an instant I was on my feet, and found that my internal foolishness had borne fruit. Jerry had packed up in the night and was gone, and here I was alone in the foothills, to work my own way."

"Boys, I felt mean. I knew that it was my own fault but I would not allow it yet, I was so mad at Jerry for deserting. But there was no help for it, and I rode on up the gulch about ten miles and made another camp, took down my pans and began to work up a slope for a 'pocket.' It was lonesome work, boys, and I began to miss old Jerry's good-natured gabble more than I would allow. I worked hard all day and got a good show for a pocket, but before I could work to the angle it came dark and I started back to camp, leaving my pans where they were. I took a short cut, for I knew the country and could cut off over half a mile by going this way, down the side of the gulch. When I was nearly to the bottom it was getting quite dark, and I jumped off a rock upon what looked like a bed of green grass, but to my surprise, I went in over my knees at the first jump. I laughed a little at my awkwardness, and tried to wade out of what I supposed was mud, but to my horror, my efforts to extricate one foot only forced the other deeper into the place."

"I was in a quicksand! I don't need to tell you what that means, boys. Some of you have tried it and know that it is not pretty. I threw myself back and tried to get hold of the rock from which I had sprung, but it was no use. I could not reach it, and began to realize the fact that my quarrel with my unlucky partner had cost me my life."

"I began to cry out at the top of my voice, while I yet struggled to free myself, but I soon gave that up, for every effort only sunk me deeper in the quicksand. I began to despair of life, and shouted till I was hoarse. What would I not have given to see Jerry, now, the man who had been my friend in many a trying hour? My fate was not the less bitter from the fact that I had driven away the friend who would have given me aid, but the effort was in vain; I was doomed!"

"It was horrible to die in this way, so young, with the promise of a happy life before me. I shouted, screamed, and prayed almost in the same breath, and still that unseen monster was dragging me down. At last, as by a sort of inspiration, I gave a whistle which Jerry and I had agreed on in hours of danger. It went echoing down the gulch; and although I had no hope of hearing an answer, I listened a moment and gave it again, when, to my utter surprise and delight, the answer came back from the direction of my camp. My heart gave a great leap, and I whistled again, and directly after the beat of hoofs could be heard, and a man came dashing down the gulch, and stopped a few paces away."

"Whistle again, old boy!" cried a familiar voice; "let me know where you are."

"It was Jerry! No need to tell you that. In two minutes he had a double lariat under my arms, with the end fast to the pommel of the saddle, and dragged me out of the jaws of death. He had struck it rich, about three miles away, at a place which we had passed over, and came back to tell me, forgetting what I had done. Just as he got to my camp he heard my whistle, and came up at full speed. All I know is that I never grumbled at Jerry's luck again, for had he not struck it that day, my bones would lie at the bottom of the quicksand. We panned out ten thousand acres in that gulch, and he bought a ranch with his share. I am going to him in the dry season."

Beat Time's Notes.

SHOULD your clothes catch fire at the stove, or from a lamp explosion, don't lose your presence of mind; sit down calmly and collect your thoughts. If you have no bucket of water to throw over you, keep cool anyhow; take a drink of ice-water, and use a fan; drop a polite note to the Superintendent of the Fire Department to send an engine up and put you out, or you will be dreadfully put out yourself. If the engine has to stop to have its wheels greased, and you find the weather about you is getting too warm, inquire the way to the nearest canal; measure the depth of it, and then jump in. Don't wait to strip off. What is left of the fire will be put out by this time. But, be sure you don't get excited.

SHOULD a wild beast take after you while going alone through some foreign wilderness, you would do well first to see what kind of an animal it is. Go back and examine it thoroughly; see if it has spots all over it; count them; see if any are missing; it will probably be a leopard; look at your pocket Natural History. Should it have a mane and be quite ferocious, you will find on calmly referring to your book, page 48, that it is a lion. Carefully examine its teeth and see how old it is: take your pocket-rule and measure its fangs; if they are four and one-half inches long it would be well to pack your valise and meditate a scamper.

PERHAPS you remember my umbrella! Well, it's gone again—went off with another fellow, and from the way it don't come back, I think it is gone for good—or bad. But, I don't care much; it has always kept me in trouble. It never did stay at home, and I was obliged to keep a standing yearly "lost" advertisement in the papers ever since it was born. It never was home only in dry weather. If you would open that umbrella in the severest deluge and go immediately into a house, you could keep perfectly dry. There were more holes than umbrellas about it. Have you seen it? I will reward any man that don't bring it back.

It is with innumerable tears, diluted with bitterness, and many sighs of great depth, that I read those sorrowful descriptions of life, and almost death, that the worthy proprietors put into their medical almanacs for family entertainment. They boil over with the most soul-touching expressions of execrating tribulations of the heroes, who, in spite of all that seventeen doctors can't do, are on the point of giving themselves up and going down. This part of the story is very affecting, but, just in the nick of time, they accidentally get hold of a bottle of it, and then I mop up my tears.

The Modocs are again at their sinful games. My Indian policy is plain and simple: it is simply this—I would take those Modocs and burn them. Now, I don't wish it inferred that I would hurt their feelings, or that I